ARCH 1973

Saturday Review of

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The New Wedding

The Daily Press Exposed

An Asbestos Town Struggles With a Killer

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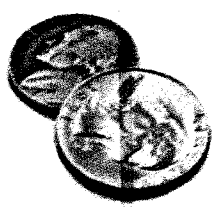

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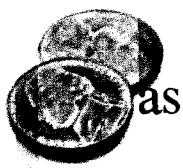

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FEBRUARY 17, 1973

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INSIDE SR

It comes as a shock to learn that the mineral asbestos, which has long been associated with such lifesaving boons to industrial society as fireproof theater curtains, heat-resistant automobile brakes, and noncombustible roofing and plaster, has a deadly side to it. Not only are the microscopic fibers that make up this remarkable substance, it turns out, fireproof, but they resist destruction by virtually every natural process as well. And, as a result, when breathed in by asbestos workers and others who come into contact with airborne particles of asbestos, the fibers remain permanently in the lungs. And there—perhaps as a result of many years of irritation (though no one as yet understands the precise mechanism)—they may induce cancer as well as a number of other debilitating illnesses.

So widely used is asbestos throughout our society that last year a scientist at the National Institutes of Health in Washington reported that asbestos is second only to cigarette smoke as a cause of lung cancer.

Pliny

Perhaps we should not be surprised. The dangers of asbestos were observed as early as the first century by the Roman naturalist **Pliny the Elder**, who described a lung ailment among slaves employed weaving asbestos cloth. In the early twentieth century British pathologists took note of a similar illness, and in 1924 the *British Medical Journal* reported the first case of death due to the inhalation of asbestos fibers. In more recent years the relationship between asbestos and mesothelioma (carcinoma of the membranes lining the lungs) has been clearly established by the work of Dr. Irving J. Selikoff, who is head of the Division of Environmental Medicine at New York University's Mount Sinai School of Medicine.

Strangely, however, the dangers of asbestos have received relatively little attention in newspapers and magazines in the United States—apart from a pioneering report by Paul Brodeur, which appeared in *The New Yorker* in 1968. Accordingly, some months ago senior editor **Jon Swan** began to discuss the possibility of an article about the dangers of asbestos with **Bruce Porter**, a widely published writer on environmental subjects, who at present is starting a journalism program within the Department of English at Brooklyn College in New York City.

Porter

Porter was familiar with the danger of asbestos. He explained that he had become aware of it when, as urban affairs editor of *Newsweek*, he took a particular interest in the health hazards of city living. Worse things than being mugged may happen to a modern city dweller, Porter said. For instance, when steel frame buildings are under construction, the girders are usually sprayed with asbestos to prevent them from buckling in case of a fire. Consequently, it is a common sight to see clouds of asbestos fibers floating down from construction sites onto the heads of unwary passersby. No one yet has been able to calculate the effects of this exposure, but because of the potential danger a number of municipalities, including New York City, have recently banned such spraying.

Clearly, Swan and Porter decided, there was a story to be written. But how to focus it? The approach Porter finally hit upon was to concentrate on Manville, New Jersey, the site of the largest asbestos manufacturing plant in the United States, which is operated by the Johns-Manville Company. The labor force in Manville has been studied in detail by Dr. Selikoff, among others, and a strikingly high incidence of lung cancer as well as of other asbestos-related diseases was observed. In recent years, steps have been taken by the company to protect its workers, but, still, protection is not total, and, furthermore, no one really knows how much protection is needed—for the asbestos workers as well as for those in the general population who may come into contact with asbestos fibers in any of a hundred ways.

After long investigation, Porter produced our lead story for this issue—"An Asbestos Town Struggles With a Killer." "I saw Manville, New Jersey," he writes, "as a laboratory in which to study this extraordinary modern phenomenon of a group of businessmen and industrial workers trying to cope with the painful discovery that their long-cherished means of livelihood has a lethal side to it. It is a phenomenon that, I imagine, has occurred, and will repeatedly occur, in the course of this century, in which industrial progress always seems to outstrip man's knowledge of the full human consequences of such progress."

In a lighter vein, we are pleased to present "The Daily Press Exposed!" by **Warren Hinckle**, a former editor of *Ramparts* magazine and a well-known *bon vivant* in San Francisco. With rollicking wit, and a sharp eye for the peccadilloes of his fellow toilers in the inky vineyards, Mr. Hinckle tells how it used to be as a member of the San Francisco press corps.

Hinckle

Equally un-grim about our world is **Marcia Seligson**, a Los Angeles–based freelance writer, who wrote "The New Wedding." "I first discovered that there was something hilarious about weddings," she told us, "when I was a bridesmaid at Dee Dee Epstein's, during the summer of my nineteenth year. She was the first of our crowd to get married, and it was my debut as a bridesmaid . . . ." Dee Dee's wedding cake, Ms. Seligson went on to say, "was a fourteen-foot mountain of white goo." Well, times have changed, and if Dee Dee were getting married today, according to Ms. Seligson's report, that fourteen-foot mountain of burned batter and frosting might be replaced by a genuine 5,000-foot peak on top of which Dee Dee and her intended would exchange neither vows nor rings but recitations from the *Bhagavad-gita* and James Taylor.

We are also pleased to welcome to our pages five new contributors to SR Reviews. **Daniel Zwerdling** is a freelance writer and a Washington-based consumer correspondent for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. **Alexander Auerbach** is a business and financial reporter for the *Los Angeles Times*. **Jonathan R. Adler** is a public interest lawyer in Los Angeles and a contributing editor to *Jurisdoctor*. **Erica Abeel**, a freelance writer, lives in New York City. And **Skip Ferderber** is a general assignment reporter for the *Los Angeles Times*.

W. H. H.

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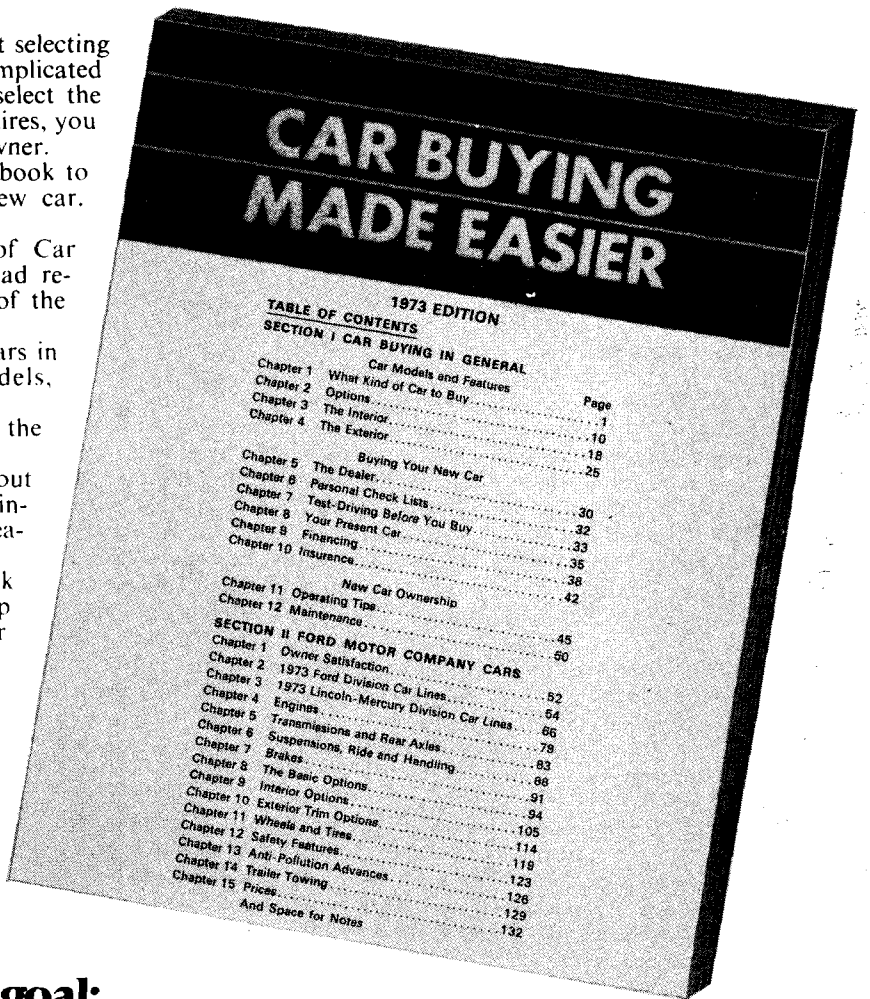

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A Senator's Last Wish

The following handwritten rumination on immortality was discovered recently in the personal papers of the late Senator Allen J. Ellender of Louisiana: "If there is a life hereafter, I want to come back as a standing subcommittee in the Senate, because they never fade out."

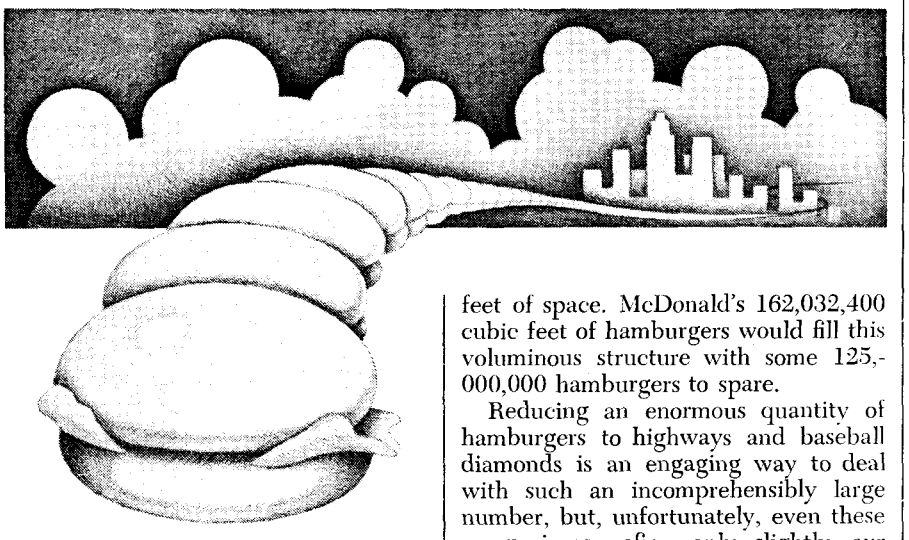
Lotsa Hamburgers

BY ALBERT SUKOFF

Huge numbers are commonplace in our culture, but oddly enough the larger the number the less meaningful it seems to be. There are, for example, 750,000,000 Chinese. The United States has a $1,000,000,000,000-plus economy, and more than 14,876,000,000 pounds of bombs have been dropped on Indochina since 1965. Now I know these numbers represent lots of dollars, people, and bombs, but I cannot visualize or conceptualize just how many. Larger numbers are even more baffling.

The *Guinness Book of World Records* gives the weight of the earth as 6,588,000,000,000,000 tons. Does that number mean anything to you? Knowing it, do you have any meaningful sense of the weight of the earth? In fact, I have misled you, and the earth actually weighs 6,588,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons. This correct figure is one million times greater than the incorrect one stated at first. But you were probably just as comfortable, or uncomfortable, with the incorrect figure. I doubt that my greater precision in any way refined your comprehension of the weight of the earth.

The difficulty we all have with such large numbers stems from the fact that they represent magnitudes alien to our everyday experience. We can deal with two hamburgers and a Coke, but can we comprehend 10,000,000,000 hamburgers? Do you think they would cover a football field, Central Park, or Manhattan Island? Laid side by side, do you think they would reach from



New York to Philadelphia? In a stack, would they reach to the moon?

The McDonald's restaurant chain claims, in fact, to have sold over 10,000,000,000 hamburgers. One way to comprehend the feat implied by this meaty fact is to translate the 10,000,000,000 into more familiar measures. Since, for example, each McDonald's hamburger (with the bun) is about one and three-quarter inches thick, 10,000,000,000 hamburgers piled one on top of another would indeed reach from the earth to the moon with 40,000 hamburger-miles to spare. One hamburger measures about four inches in diameter. Therefore, 10,000,000,000 hamburgers laid side by side around the globe at the equator would form a belt of hamburgers 8½ feet wide. Laid from New York City to San Francisco, they would form a hamburger highway 3,000 miles long and seventy-two feet wide. That's a six-lane interstate from sea to shining sea.

The 10,000,000,000 hamburgers would also cover 39.9 square miles, or an area equal to one and a quarter times that of Manhattan. The entire 840 acres of Central Park could be blanketed five feet deep with these hamburgers. Stacked over an entire baseball diamond, they would rise more than 20,000 feet. That's a block of hamburgers ninety feet on each side, rising almost four miles high. The assembly plant for the Boeing 747 aircraft is the world's most capacious structure, containing 160,000,000 cubic feet of space. McDonald's 162,032,400 cubic feet of hamburgers would fill this voluminous structure with some 125,000,000 hamburgers to spare.

Reducing an enormous quantity of hamburgers to highways and baseball diamonds is an engaging way to deal with such an incomprehensibly large number, but, unfortunately, even these comparisons refine only slightly our original, more general understanding that 10,000,000,000 is lots of hamburgers. Comparison as a routine way of dealing with large sums is further limited by the fact that we have neither the time nor inclination to get out our slide rules every time Walter Cronkite makes a passing reference to the national budget. How then can we hope to deal with the multi-digit statistics we read and hear day in and day out?

Anthropologists have reported on the primitive number systems of some aboriginal tribes. The Yancos in the Brazilian Amazon stop counting at three. Since their word for "three" is "*poettararorincoaroac*," this is understandable. The Temiar people of Malaysia do not count beyond three either. Observers report that such tribesmen react to all references to quantities greater than three with stupefaction—a reaction that seems not totally unlike our common reaction to such quantities as 10,000,000,000. What these tribes have, however, is a concept, a word, for all quantities greater than those they really understand.

We too could use a word that would stand for very great quantities. That word might be "lotsa." Newscasters would then say things like: "Today Congress approved a new federal budget totaling lotsa dollars." Or, "Tomorrow morning the Apollo astronauts will splash down in the Pacific after a journey of lotsa miles." It's not very precise, but it tells you about as much as you would understand anyway. □

Albert Sukoff is an urban planner who is fascinated with the meaninglessness of big statistics.

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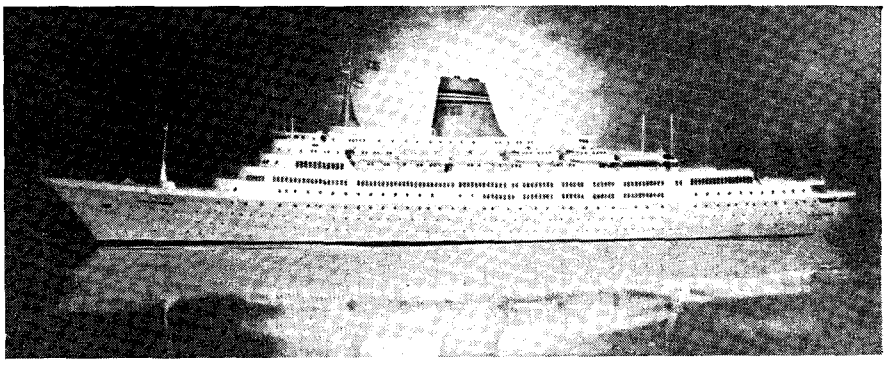

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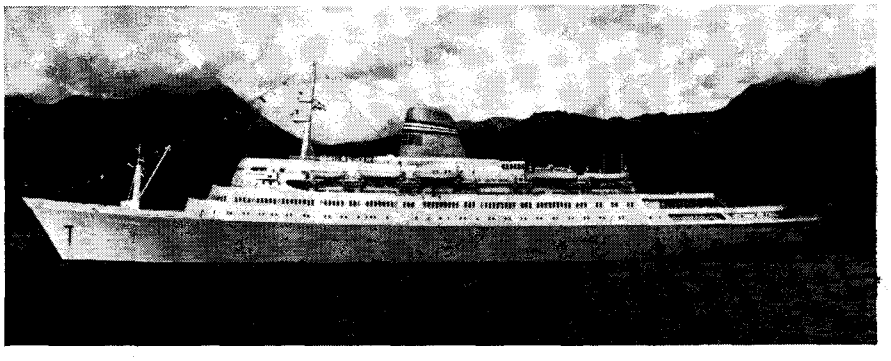

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Making the Shots Seen Round the World

BY MARTY SENDER

LOS ANGELES, Calif.—"Hi. I just moved out to Los Angeles from Pennsylvania, and I've got this sign—'HI MOM IN MCKEESPORT'—and I was wondering whether you could turn your camera around and show my sign if I just stand over here, okay?"

The lady in the pink sun visor thought NBC cameraman Larry Heider might make her famous today—Super Bowl Sunday, 1973. But he just smiled and said he was sorry. Heider was one of fourteen television cameramen at the Super Bowl. Standing around the NBC vans outside the Los Angeles Coliseum a few hours before the game, the cameramen looked like a Rotary Club bowling team. In fact, they are a remarkably skilled, elite band of technocrat-gypsies who wouldn't do anything else despite the hazards of their profession.

While cinematographers and film cameramen are analyzed and idolized, the television sports cameramen are anonymous. They are subjected to sub-zero gales, vendors who trip over them, drunks who throw beer cans at them, and networks that take them for granted and treat them like maintenance men. Some of them haven't spent more than two days a week at home in months. Their divorce rate is incredible.

But they keep on working, even though their marriages crack up and their days start at 5 a.m. and end after dark. They are homeless, faceless, speed-tripping vagabonds with oversized egos.

The cameramen who covered the Super Bowl ranged from slow-talking, eye-squinting Texans to brash Beverly Hills playboy-greasers. They make close to $30,000 a year. Some are fools, others philosophers, and one is a bit of a dandy. Another hoists the seventy-pound portable television camera onto his shoulder as easily as someone else might put on his sports coat. His name is Corey, and he's been carrying the "creepy" camera, as it's called, around political conventions and sports championships for three years. His main concern is the temperature. "I like to work when it's hot," he explained.

It was 86° on Super Sunday, and Corey was happy about that. Also about the coverage NBC was giving the game. The budget for the day was $200,000. NBC had doubled all its normal coverage for the Super Bowl, so that instead of five cameramen on the field there were ten: two in the end zones, one each on the 25-yard lines, three on the 50-yard line at various heights above the field, two mounted on cranes along the sidelines, and Corey's creepy roaming all over.

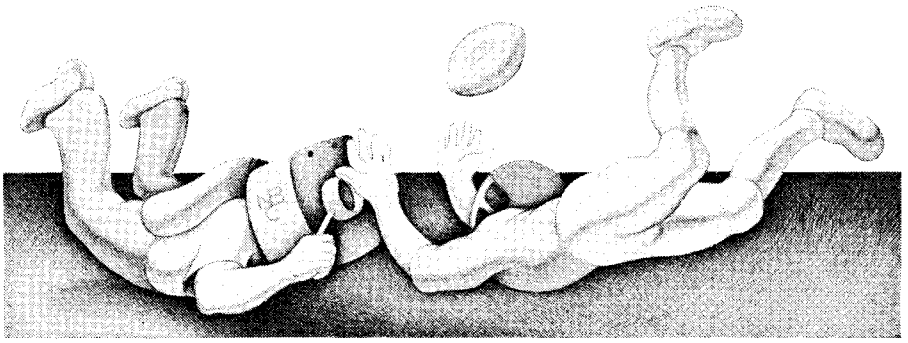
While the game was being played, the cameramen were all concentrating hard on tiny monitors inside the camera, one hand cranking the 16:1 zoom lenses in and out, the other twisting the focus control. They listened to two separate audio channels—one the play-by-play, the other a private communication line (PL) linking all the production people.

Listening to the PL is like trying to understand several police radios going at the same time. It's a language of its own: *Ready 4, take 4 . . . ready effects, take effects . . . ready Tape X . . . wait a minute . . . roll tape . . . 7-6-5 . . . Camera 8, give me a wide shot . . . 6, go in. . . .* For three hours.

But to the crew it was all second nature. They set up their cameras just the way they like them—a piece of tape here, a control reversed there. It gets to be instinctive after a while—has to be, in fact, since in the time it would take to think about such matters the play would be over.

At one point or another in a game, most of the cameramen will be able to do a little freelance work. They shoot what they want and try to sell the shot to the director, who's got a lot of cameras to pick from. Selling a shot is real

Marty Sender is a San Francisco–based TV news producer.



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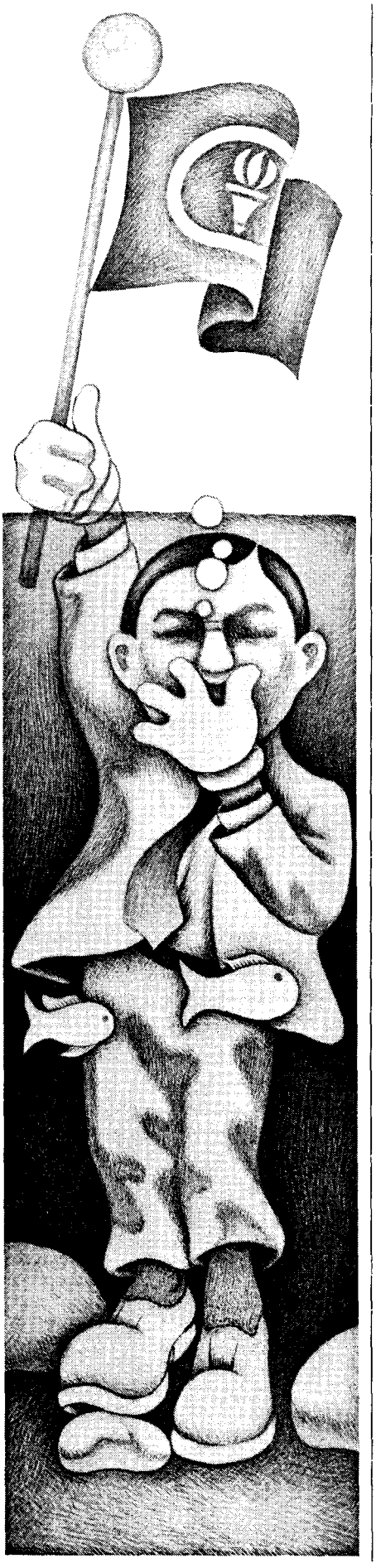
status, because the unexpected little gem makes everybody look good. Mainly it involves anticipating what the director might want or need. Saturday afternoon during a rehearsal Larry Heider suddenly tilted his camera up and zoomed into the moon, hanging out in the gray afternoon L.A. air. In the control van someone said, "Hey, let's take the moon shot, put it on tape, and use it tomorrow when the astronauts are introduced." The shot is sold. During the game on Sunday Heider so'd a shot of a huge defensive tackle slowly picking himself up off the turf.

What a cameraman doesn't want to do is miss something important. That would land him in a private piece of hell created by director Ted Nathanson. The first guy who blows an assignment is said to be "in the barrel." He will be repeatedly reminded by Nathanson over the PL, with an audience of 100 of his peers listening in, that he cannot be trusted anymore because he blew it. The last guy it happened to was a slow-motion disk man at the Rose Bowl.

But this was the Super Bowl, and nobody was in the barrel. "It's tough to blow a shot when you've got that many cameras," Nathanson said after the game. "This was a better television program than it was a football game." He went around patting his cameramen on the back and saying "excellent, excellent" to everybody.

After the fans left the stadium, the cameramen ate dinner from the back of a Hollywood caterer's truck and talked about what was coming up. Most of them were going to Tucson the next day for a golf tournament. After that there would be tennis in San Diego and then Palm Springs for more golf.

After they had eaten, the cameramen started packing up the miles of cable and tons of gear they had used to cover the game. "I just got through playing a Mozart concerto," one of them said, "and now I have to move the piano." □



How to Launch a Country

BY ROY BONGARTZ

ORANGE, Calif.—Bud Davis is clearly a happy and confident man, but with his mild voice and his tentative smile he somehow misses the charisma of more familiar chiefs of state. He lacks the swagger of a Fidel Castro, the style of a Pierre Trudeau, the arrogance of a Francisco Franco. Although he has been president of the new Republic of Minerva for a full year, he still greets visitors personally at the door of his executive chamber. The chamber also serves as the living room of his 1930s frame bungalow on East Washington Avenue in Orange, California. He rules from here, rather than in Minerva itself, because Minerva doesn't have any land yet—consisting, as it does, of two atolls in the South Pacific that disappear quite entirely at high tide. "First order of business is to undertake a major landfill program," Davis says optimistically.

"Our country won't look like much at first," he admits. "It'll be a pretty sterile environment. No trees, grass, flowers, or plants. But you can't be too fussy. How many people get a chance to be president of a country?" Davis and a score of other colonists ready to move to Minerva also face the threat of attack by the naval forces of Tonga, Minerva's nearest neighbor, 260 miles away, unless conflicting claims can be settled peacefully. Meanwhile Minervans still await a reply from Secretary of State William P. Rogers to their Declaration of Sovereignty sent out a year ago: "For the purpose of informing your Government and people of our intention to have friendly and peaceful relations with the United States of America, whose recognition of the Republic of Minerva would be most welcome."

The reefs, one a circle four and a half miles across and the other, seventeen miles away, a figure-eight eight miles long, lie right on the Tropic of Capricorn, 350 miles from Fiji and 915 miles from Auckland, New Zealand. They were first charted by the British Navy in 1854, but no one had ever claimed them. Davis and his friends decided to take them because, he says, "there just aren't any other unclaimed scraps of land around." For eight years Davis and a number of friends, banding themselves together as Caribbean-Pacific Enterprises, Inc., looked for a likely site for a new country. An early choice was Grand Turk Island in the Bahamas, where Columbus is supposed to have landed, but they found it was for lease only, not for sale. They tried to buy land in Surinam, in Honduras, and in Costa Rica, but each time the colonists found they could not have complete sovereignty, and the deals fell through.

The reason the colonists wanted a new country was given in an official Statement of Fundamental Principles: "Only 200 years have elapsed since the idea of the necessity to separate church and state really took root. . . . Now the time has come to go a step further, to establish a nation based on the principle that not only must government be separated from religion, but also it must be separated from economics and lim-

Roy Bongartz, a freelance writer, lives in Foster, Rhode Island.

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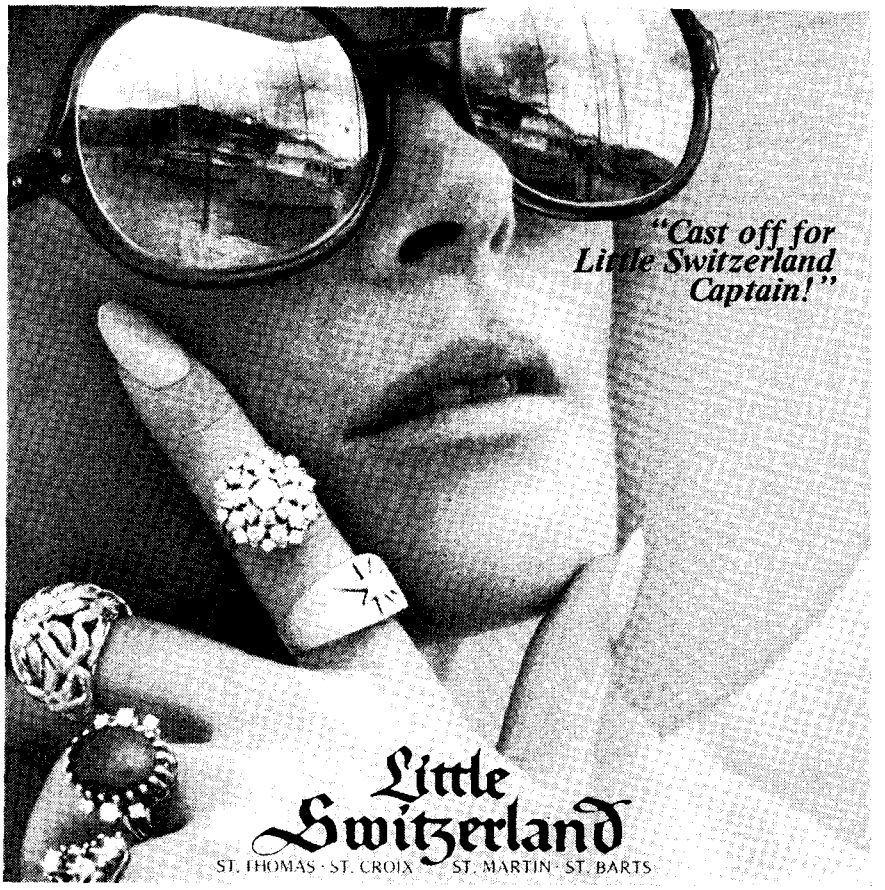
ited in function to 'an entity hired by persons and other entities to protect and give recourse to their personal rights against force and fraud.'" Davis, who calls himself an "Ayn Rand objectivist," was not active in the recent American election, but he did work for Barry Goldwater in 1964. "I fought with the conservatives a lot," he says. "We disagree on a lot of points. For instance, I am not against pornography. I'm just against government interference of any kind."

He says the company has already spent $250,000 to hunt for a proper site and, finally, to send the first expedition out to claim Minerva. President Davis, forty-six, is an electrical engineer who spent many years developing the Minuteman missile system at North American Rockwell; he is also a pilot and flight instructor. Vice-President is Richard J. King, an Australian living in London, who individually took on the British government by setting up a private postal system named Post Haste during a postal strike a few years ago. Secretary of State is Ralph McMullen, twenty-eight, a native of Texas and graduate of schools of real estate and banking, now manager of a restaurant in Reno, Nevada. Also in Reno is the Secretary of the Interior, Dr. David Williams, a physician. Another charter member of the new country, Ollie Burge, a former steamship engineer in the Turkish navy, is keeping fit the only ship now in the Minervan navy, the *Ranginui*.

Two other founding fathers figured last year in the first and so far only heroic action by Minervans. These were Tad Weed, thirty-eight, an oilman from Columbus, Ohio, and Bob Marks, forty-eight, a lumber dealer from Long Beach, California. On January 18, 1972, the two landed after a 350-mile sail from Fiji and on each of Minerva's reefs painstakingly built up a ten-foot-high mound of coral that would remain above the six-foot-high tide. Atop these they planted radar reflectors, electric beacons, and then, in a climactic gesture, Minerva's new flag—a golden torch of freedom on a blue background designed by Bud Davis. ("The blue is for the sea, and the gold I guess is for our economic system," says Davis.) That done, letters asking for diplomatic recognition were sent out to 100 countries. But after Minerva's first year of statehood results have been poor. The only full diplomatic relation established has been with the tiny Sultanate of Ocussi-Ambeno, on the island of Timor in the Malay Archipelago.

Tonga, however, did take notice of the goings on around the Minerva Reefs. It was pointed out that Tonga had always considered them to be Tongan territory. In February 1972 a meeting of the South Pacific Forum in Canber-



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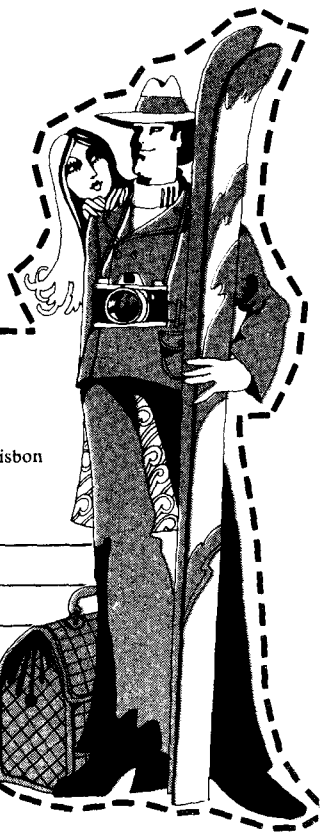

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ra, Australia, attended by the leaders of six South Pacific islands, backed up Tonga and rejected Minerva's existence as a new country. Premier Albert Henry of the Cook Islands said he was afraid that if the new land were to be recognized, all other reefs in the ocean would start announcing themselves as independent nations.

But Tonga would not leave the matter at that. Last June 26, aboard the chartered vessel *Olovaha*, King Taufa'ahau Tupou IV, his deputy prime minister, Mahe Tupouniua, representatives of the legislative assembly, and about 100 convict laborers set sail for the Minerva Reefs to build up their *own* bits of dry land. The Tongans named the reefs Teleki Tokelau and Teleki Tonga and officially claimed them and "all islands, rocks, reefs, foreshores, and waters lying within a radius of twelve miles thereof as part of our Kingdom of Tonga."

Thus, last June was a poor moment for Bud Davis to arrive in Tonga on his way to build a fancy control station on South Minerva. While he and Bob Marks were pricing supplies in Suva, Fiji, they heard of the king's claim, but, Davis says, "I was informed by friends and relatives of the king that he would be more than happy to discuss the matter with me." But things did not go well. "Upon my arrival in Nuku'alofa I was invited to the office of the half-brother of the king, a Mr. Inoke Faletow. Also present was the crown solicitor. I was treated very rudely and informed I would not have an audience with the king, and further that any attempt by any of our group to land on the reefs would result in their being removed by force, if necessary, and escorted to Nuku'alofa and brought to trial for trespassing on Tongan territory. I inquired as to how far Tonga was prepared to go to maintain her claim to the reefs and was informed: 'To any extent short of war.'"

Far from the site of his nation, sitting in his neat house on a quiet, shady California street, Davis seems the epitome of the satisfied American householder. He is at his ease on his bright, blue-and-orange striped couch. His wife is at work in a nearby office, where she is a secretary. Three photographs of his grown children adorn a table, and a glass case contains a row of baseball trophies won by a son, now a minor league star. The walls display three-dimensional photographs of bombing planes in action; Davis was a pilot during World War II and in Korea as well. The setting seems quite perfect for Bud Davis, but it is not the utopia he and his friends dream of. He freely admits that "the U.S. government is the best one there is," but he would rather not have any government at all, or hardly any. And, in spite of the contretemps with King Taufa'ahau Tupou, he believes that Minerva will become a reality.

"At present we do not think it advisable to reveal our future plans," says Davis, "or our timetable, lest it fall into the wrong hands." But an engineering firm out of Auckland has just completed a report for the new republic on the feasibility of filling in areas of the lagoons, after making depth readings and taking core samples, and Davis clearly hopes to make it to his new home sometime next summer, with a full crew of expatriates aboard the *Ranginui*. "We are sure that it is possible to make solid land out of Minerva." Eventually Davis foresees land fifteen feet above high tide, stretching a third of a mile wide along the tops of the present wave-splashed reefs.

President Bud Davis can picture himself standing on the flinty ground of his country. His mind's eye is constantly aimed in that direction, out where those little coral towers should still be holding up their bright Minervan flags. It would take him twelve hours of flying time from Los Angeles to Fiji and then just another four hours by private amphibian to his beloved coral. And he clearly hopes to get there before any more homemade mountains go up. Minerva barely has room for any more claim jumpers. □

Honest Injun

BY DON CAUSEY

CHEROKEE, N.C.—With spring not far away, the toot of toy trains and the crack of penny-arcade rifle fire will soon be shattering the stillness of the Great Smoky Mountains homeland of the Cherokee. An estimated five million visitors pour annually through this booming tourist town in order to feed Bambi and the bears at Santaland, visit Fort Cherokee in Frontierland, and see "Unto These Hills," a moving outdoor drama about the brave but bullied Cherokee struggling to hold their own against the white man's advance.

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The main reason tourists come to Cherokee, though, is to gawk at the Indians.

Almost 65 per cent of the 6,000 Cherokee on the reservation north of town are involved in the tourist trade. They do everything from dance in the outdoor drama to cook Chief Burgers at quick-food stands. Some of them, like Chief" Henry Lambert, just stand in front of tourist shops and make a killing. On a good July Fourth weekend, Chief Henry says he can clear over $1,800 by appearing in front of a fake teepee and inviting tourists to take his picture.

Like most of the Indians on the reservation, Henry is a direct descendant of the renegade Cherokee who fled to the hills rather than make the forced pilgrimage to Oklahoma in 1838 and 1839 along the infamous "trail of tears." He stands about six-foot-one, has a striking hawklike face and a physique he knows how to use to his advantage with women tourists. With his arms folded over his chest and a little wind ruffling his headdress, Chief Henry looks like a Hollywood version of the real thing. Kids aim plastic pistols at him, babies yell in terror, and tittering housewives have been known to play with his knee while the shutter clicks on a Polaroid camera.

All day long Chief Henry holds white babies, hugs white women, and throws his arm around white men's shoulders. Does it bother Henry to put himself and his heritage in the viewer's range?

"Hell, no," he said recently over a Coke and cigarette. "I'm in chiefing for the dollar. I don't give a damn for the rest of it." Although Henry was a little edgy about discussing money matters because he's convinced that the IRS is out to get him on undeclared income, he did add: "Look at it this way. When I went into this twelve years ago, I didn't have anything. Now I've got ten and a half acres of land, a five-bedroom house, a new Oldsmobile, and six kids in school."

His wife, Henrietta, thought he was crazy when he came home one day and told her he was going into chiefing no matter what the neighbors said. She wasn't even sure what that meant, since Henry was one of the first to put on the colorful tourist costume and hire himself out to the shutterbugs. He himself is quick to admit that the costume, which he buys from the Pawnee Novelty Company in Oklahoma, is phony. "Whoever heard of an Indian wearing colored ostrich feathers?" he asked.

"There were some people back then who gave me a hard time about wearing this thing," Chief Henry explained. "But let me tell you, it was better than working construction."

Does he enjoy the work?

"You better believe he does," Henrietta, who was sitting next to her husband, chimed in.

"Who else can make a living kissing another man's wife with him standing right there smiling?" Henry added with a smile.

His spiel to women tourists is loaded with flirtation and sometimes outright invitation: "Sit on my knee, sweetie, and I'll give you brown sugar free . . . . Sit on my knee right here for a while, honey, and I'll make you so happy you'll go home a-chirpin' and a-singin' . . . ."

The majority of his customers are housewives who titter and blush when Henry plants a prolonged kiss on their cheeks or foreheads. The husbands usually smile and shift their feet nervously on the pavement. "It's a racket, this chiefing, but then so is everything else," Henry figures.

There's apparently more in it for Henry than the money, though. He's a ham and knows it. He likes to point out that he's the Most Photographed Indian in the World and has his picture on twenty-six post cards, including a three-dimensional one that changes colors when you tilt it. He was picked to attend the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago and still remembers the flare of lights when the network cameras zeroed in on his angular profile and feathered headdress.

Henry admits, however, that "chiefing gets a bit bothersome at times," and he doesn't want his children doing it except to earn money to go to college. "Sometimes, toward the end of the season, I get so I just don't want to see anybody, much less talk another scared baby into sitting on my knee. I learned a long time ago, though, that an Indian's got to give people what they want—and that's color and excitement. I learned that back when I was doing war dances for a TV commercial down in Alabama."

Then—brightening some—Chief Henry got up to go back to his platform. Soon he was planting kisses, fondling babies, and making money hand over fist.

"Hey, babe, how 'bout some brown sugar from a chief?" he called to an approaching middle-aged tourist. □

Don Causey is a freelance writer who lives in Raleigh, North Carolina.

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North Platte—a melting pot where people of all walks of life homogenize their talents, capabilities and abilities in one mixture. . . .
—Chamber of Commerce

North Platte, Nebraska, the city "in the middle of everywhere," also calls itself Buffalo Bill's hometown. He moved there at age thirty-two. More importantly, North Platte is the home of the best diner in America, the North Platte Cafe.

The café is situated two miles off Interstate 80, a digression we've made four times in as many years. Our first visit there was purely by accident—Cheyenne was too far to drive, Lincoln wasn't far enough. Each subsequent stop at the café has lived up to the fantasies of memory.

The town exists because of the railroad, the Union Pacific, which quartered its construction teams there while it tried to talk peace to the Indians. North Platte still depends on the UP, which employs 2,000 townspeople, on the grain and cattle ranching that surround it, and on the myth of Buffalo Bill, who lived there when he wasn't touring with his Wild West Show.

The North Platte Cafe is owned and operated by Mr. Platte Wing, head of the town's only Chinese family. Wing is one of thirteen children born to a California truck farmer who moved eastward with the Union Pacific in the Twenties and stayed on at the huge division yard in North Platte to open the restaurant. Several brothers and one son also work at the café.

Wing and his wife turn on the lights and open the doors across the street from the Union Pacific station seven mornings a week at 5 a.m., cooking steak or trout and eggs with potatoes, toast, and coffee—ah, the coffee—for "working people, ranchers, truckers, bus drivers, and, of course, railroaders."

"We try to give 'em a little bit more and better quality all the time and be reasonable on the price of the meal," Mr. Wing told us, and he succeeds.

By lunch time the full complement of fifty-six customers is seated in formica booths or at the U-shaped counter in the middle. For $2 they can get a five-course meal. You know right from the soup—a light vegetable with fresh ingredients—that this is no ordinary truck stop. The flavor is astonishingly subtle, with, perhaps, parsnips and several garden herbs. On another day it might be fresh mushrooms or celery soup. The salad is filled with purple onions and green peppers, and the lettuce is not iceberg. The dressing is not bottled. With the meal comes a small loaf of fresh white bread baked to order in a local bakery.

Daily specials range from prime rib (a favorite) to fresh fried oysters or pot roast—all prepared with love and care from all fresh materials. Three cooks and two dishwashers work in the five-person kitchen. Wing's teen-aged son John is breaking in on the stove. The place hums until nearly midnight.

They prepare several vegetables: pickled beets, string beans, fresh carrots, hominy, small potatoes with a cream sauce. Dessert is included in the price of a meal, of course, and we've never paid more than a bit over $2 plus a tip, up about a quarter from two years ago. "The restaurant business," says Platte Wing, "is not what it could be."

The origin of the City's name is uncertain. Possibly it was given by Gen. Grenville Dodge who platted the town. It is the only city in the world with the name North Platte.
—Chamber of Commerce

Platte Wing also serves chow mein; perhaps he feels obligated to. But the family's orientation is basic American cuisine. There is no particular magic or secret family recipe. The Chinese legacy might be seen in the freshness of the ingredients: no number-ten can of green beans for this lunch counter; they come in at 5 a.m. to cut up the real thing.

"And we don't serve any frozen food either," adds Lorene Peden, a waitress at the café for seven years.

It's an eatery where the clientele and the waitresses are on a first-name basis. The nonchalant ambience includes an old juke box, calenders from local businesses, shop talk between booths. The Chamber of Commerce, otherwise given to spells of boosterism, is almost indifferent to the inscrutable culinary gem in its midst.

Either that, or there's a conspiracy to dissemble; natives tend to refer to the café as "The Chinese restaurant"—about like describing Harry Truman as a haberdasher.

Next door is the Hotel Cody, maybe unchanged in seventy-five years, and named after a man who killed 4,280 buffalo in one eighteen-month period about 100 years ago, just about the time the first trading post was being opened at what became North Platte.

When the railroad got that far—in the fall of 1866—things stopped because the Indians were making it too difficult to carry on. So the community grew to a rowdy 3,000 construction workers with no government. In the fall of 1868 a peace treaty with the Indians was signed in the Union Pacific machine shop. Representing the Indians were Standing Elk, Swift Bear, Pawnee Killer, and Big Mouth.

The town isn't as exciting anymore, but the business of moving freight across the Great Plains is pretty good. North Platte's population is increasing—there are 21,320 souls there now, up a few thousand since the 1970 census.

There are a daily newspaper, a television station, and forty-one motels, a strip of one-nighters like a prepubescent Las Vegas. All that, the largest controlled cattle range in the world, and the North Platte Cafe.

It's not Rome or San Francisco in spite of Italian Pizzerias or swank modern steak houses featuring Prime Nebraska beef noted the world over. It's not Chicago or Los Angeles though the clubs, pubs, bars and cabarets swing in the "Wild West" tradition. But, then who'd want it to be?
—Chamber of Commerce □

Dessert at the North Platte Cafe

Tom DeVries is a freelance writer based in San Francisco. Bob Kuttner is a reporter for KQED-TV, San Francisco.

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LETTERS

Grand National Garbage Can
Professor Cronin's "The Swelling of the Presidency" [*SR of The Society*, February] depicts the executive office as a giant octopus, swallowing up the policy processes of the government and fattening to Gargantuan proportions by what it feeds upon. But an octopus has a central nervous system—the executive office has none. It is an anti-organization, in which the agencies subsumed under the "executive office" rubric have little relation to one another and, for the most part, no relation to the President. If we are looking for a simile, "The Grand National Garbage Can" is probably a more useful one.

Rowland Egger
Professor Emeritus of
Politics and Public Affairs
of Princeton University
Georgetown, Tex.

The Founding Godfathers?
I approached the reading of Vincent Teresa's article "A Mafioso Cases the Mafia Craze" [*SR of The Society*, February] with a combination of interest and disgust. Interest, because I wanted to know what they are saying *now*; disgust, because I am sick to my stomach reading about the exploits, both real and imagined, of that fascinating subculture we Italo-Americans have spawned. I vehemently disagree with Mr. Teresa's statement that more authors should get close to the mob and write about how it really is. Who really cares? Not Italo-Americans, but perhaps those who can use the misinformation they garner to place a massive put-down of this particular ethnic group. If Mr. Teresa is really concerned about images and impressionable lay people, why doesn't he suggest that more authors write about the trials and tribulations of the thirty million or so Italo-Americans who have no knowledge of, nor connection with, the mob? Why didn't he do it himself?

O. R. Petrocelli
Publisher and Vice-President
Auerbach Publishers, Inc.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Let's hope that the signers of the Declaration of Independence aren't henceforth referred to as the "founding godfathers" of our country.

Harry Cimring
Hollywood, Calif.

Woman's Place
I read Marty Jezer's account of the commune in Vermont, "Psychic Farming" [*SR of The Society*, February], with great pleasure. It gave me such a lift, and I was cheering them on with such enthusiasm, that it was a double shock to read the sentence ". . . and women, naturally, ended up in the kitchen." As a woman old enough to be the mother of probably everyone in the commune, I want to say emphatically that I have never "naturally" gravitated to the kitchen and have never ended up there unless I chose to. I *have* always "naturally" gone where the gardening, or woodcutting, or gathering is, or anywhere my muscles count. I hope Marty just got caught in a cliché when he wrote that sentence.

Cecilia Wood
Newmarket, N.H.

New Rules for the New Woman
I read Raymond Sokolov's "The New Etiquette" [*SR of The Society*, January] through tears of laughter. It was the most hilarious résumé of the "in thing" in the new morality. Mr. Sokolov's new rules of conduct in this neo-etiquette society really blast the lid off living. This is a piece of humorous, literary genius. He can come and hide in my kitchen anytime—before *they* get him.

Marilyn Wechter
Brooklyn, N.Y.

What Your Congressman Can Do
Robert Zelnick fails to list a major pitfall in his article "What Your Congressman Can Do for You Besides Make Laws" [*SR of The Society*, February]. As Mr. Zelnick states, the intervention of any political figure in a citizen's complaint against any bureau of government gets proper attention, but he fails to state that the bureaucrats involved promptly label the file with two red letters . . . P.I. . . . *political influence*. A Congressman seldom lasts as long as the bureau he has contacted in your behalf.

Anthony Lawrence
Redington Shores, Fla.

Lucky Day for the Newsletter Gourmet
Believe it or not, there are more than 100 literary newsletters devoted to only one author, from Hemingway to Virginia Woolf. Re: "Newsletters for the Connoisseur of Information" [*SR of The Society*, February]. Only one of those newsletters is devoted to a living artist—*Under the Sign of Pisces: Anaïs Nin and Her Circle*. A directory of author newsletters is being compiled and will be published by Ohio State University.

Richard R. Centing
Reference Librarian
Ohio State University
Columbus, Ohio

Believe It or Not . . .
It was a delight to read William Allen's article "Believe It or Not!" [*SR of The Society*, February]. For over twenty-two years I have lived in the United States—which means many, many Sundays—and every Sunday the first thing I looked for in the *Albuquerque Journal's* Sunday paper was, and still is, B.I.O.N. It thrilled me to learn about Norbert Pearlroth, an Austrian like myself! I thoroughly believe that the Austrians and the Turks have the greatest sense of humor—*believe it or not!*

Kiku Kennedy
Albuquerque, N.M.

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5th of a series

Tinta Cream Port
is still a limited
bottling of
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Brother Timothy F.S.C.

Brother Timothy, F.S.C., Cellarmaster
The Christian Brothers Winery
Napa Valley, California

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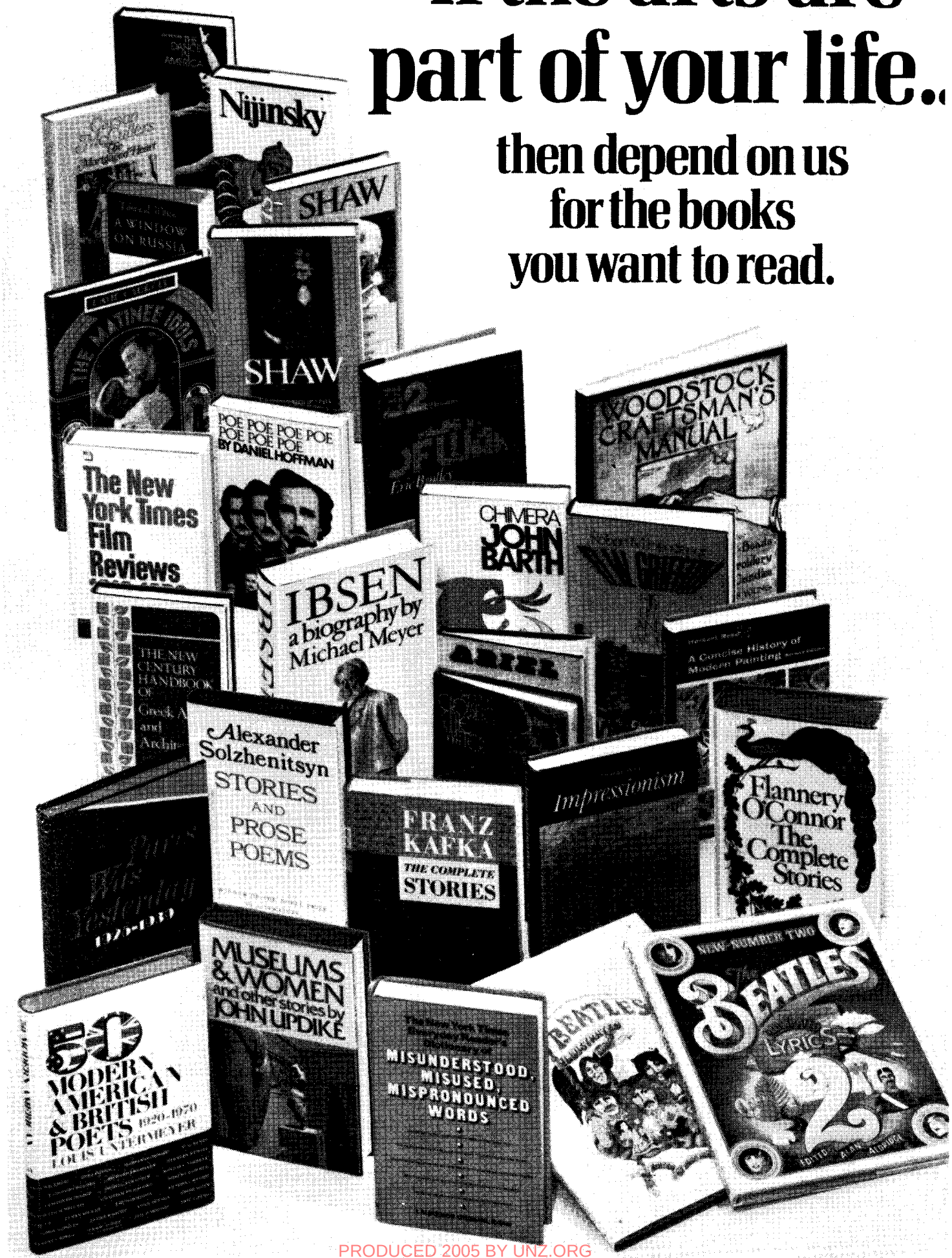

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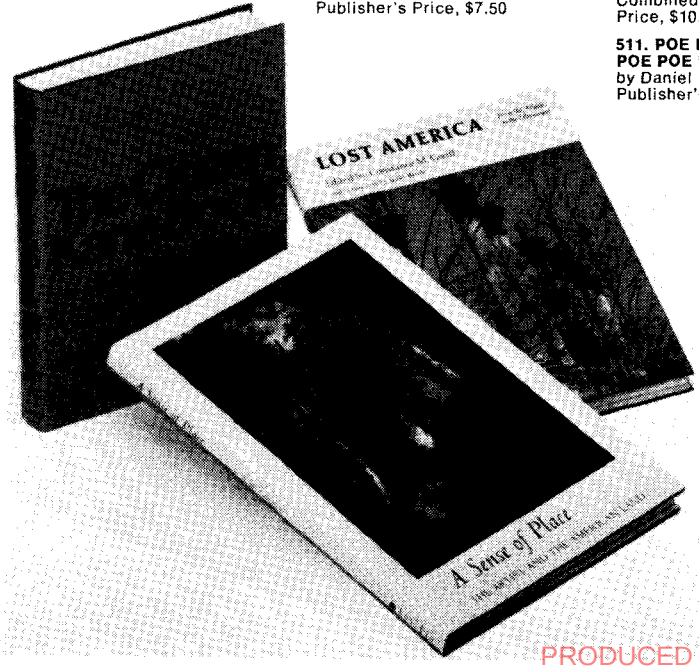

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EDITORIAL

In a sense, the 1960s did not really come to an end for the American people until January 1973, when a single incredible day brought the death of our last living ex-President and an agreement to end our longest and most lamentable war. It was a woeful decade, whose first enduring images were of a young President and an old poet on a wintry Washington day, and whose last were of leveled cities and defoliated forests in Asia. In between there was almost too much for even the complex circuitry of the human brain to absorb —cities convulsed by riots, campuses in turmoil, political leaders cut down by assassins. Men walked on the moon, yet on earth they were overwhelmed by the speed with which time-encrusted customs were being abandoned and established institutions transformed. What began with the promise of beneficial change ended in a nightmare of bewildering, almost revolutionary change.

Vietnam was only a part of this, but an indisputably central part. And Vietnam, of course, proved the ultimate downfall of Lyndon Johnson, who came to the presidency with visions of building a Great Society and left it with the United States in the midst of its greatest crisis since the Civil War.

The Death of a President

There was an almost unbearable note of irony in the fact that, only hours after Lyndon Baines Johnson had died in San Antonio, Texas, Richard Nixon went before the nation to announce that "we have today concluded an agreement to end the war." It was the Vietnam War that diverted Johnson from domestic politicking and policy-making, his true strengths, and into the unfamiliar arena of foreign affairs. And it was his failure to end that war that ultimately sapped his domestic programs, eroded his popularity, persuaded him to retire from the presidency, and tore apart his party and his nation.

History will have a difficult time coming to terms with the extraordinarily complex man who was our thirty-sixth President. He could be deceitful, overbearing, vengeful, vain, vulgar, and appallingly savage toward subordinates. He entered the U.S. Senate after a scandal-clouded election that he won by a scant eighty-seven votes and that earned him the scornful sobriquet "Landslide Lyndon." (It took him nearly a quarter of a century, but he finally erased the scorn in 1964 by winning the greatest percentage of the popular vote of any President in modern history—a shade above Nixon's percentage last November.)

For all that, the most important thing about Lyndon Johnson was the populist impulse that first persuaded him to seek office during FDR's New Deal and that remained the driving force behind his political career until Vietnam overshadowed all else. As majority leader of the Senate, he demonstrated his supreme talent for getting things done by means of manipulation, cajolery, compromise, and "pressing the flesh"—which could involve bending arms or, if necessary, breaking them. This performance inspired a certain amount of awe, but also a good deal of condescension; he was, after all, a wheeler-dealer, a drawling Southerner with a cornball turn of phrase, a man who was too often willing to settle for half a loaf or even a slice of bread.

Yet these talents served him well once he was thrust into the Oval Office. Despite a heart scarred by a massive attack in 1955, he seized the reins of the presidency with a vigor that was nothing less than astonishing. We all snickered when a sycophantic aide spoke of his "extra glands," yet there were times when we wondered, too, how he managed to maintain his frenzied pace. His legislative record rivals —and in some areas surpasses—Franklin Roosevelt's. With big Democratic majorities in Congress, he enacted Medicare and Medicaid, started federal aid flowing to education, raised the minimum wage, initiated a massive housing program, took the first steps toward purifying our polluted air and water, set aside millions of acres for parks, and launched the War on Poverty. Above all, he used his legislative skills and his powers of persuasion to enact civil rights and voting rights measures. The supreme moment of his presidency may well have come when, in his 1965 speech to Congress on behalf of the voting rights bill, he said with obvious emotion: "We shall overcome."

Most of his programs are now being disputed or actually dismantled. Federal aid to education is being cut to the bone, Nixon is refusing to spend the money voted by Congress for clean water, and the Office of Economic Opportunity, from which the War on Poverty was waged, is being boarded up. Perhaps the problem was that too many promises were made, too much money spent with too little in the way of palpable results. What is more, the vast apparatus of the federal bureaucracy had grown cumbersome and unresponsive. Some cutbacks were necessary. Still, one cannot help but feel that the Great Society's programs were charted by a man who was basically compassionate, and that a very different kind of society is now being shaped by a man who is not.

RONALD P. KRISS

The End of a War

Is it really the end? After twelve years —*twelve years!*—of American involvement, it is hard to comprehend, or to believe. Indeed, at this writing the fighting goes on among the Vietnamese, and U.S. bombers continue to pound Laos. Even if the cease-fire is honored for a time, the conflict is likely to resume once Saigon's forces and the Vietcong regroup; Hanoi, after all, has not been fighting since 1945 for only half of Vietnam and is no more likely to settle now for only the territory north of the 17th parallel than it was in 1954.

All that has ended is the direct American role, although that should be quite enough. That role has cost us 46,000 American dead and 300,000 wounded (not to mention as many as 2,000,000 Vietnamese dead or missing and millions more wounded, North and South). What must concern us now is the price yet to be paid unless we heed the hope expressed by Henry Kissinger after he negotiated the truce: "Together with healing the wounds in Indochina, we can begin to heal the wounds in America." Those wounds run deep, and there is a real risk that they will be aggravated by a round of bitter recriminations over the origins of the war, its prosecution, its resolution, and its effects on America's position in the international community, as well as at home. President Nixon's unyielding stand on the issue of amnesty for war resisters is an example. Nixon's refusal to consider some middle ground between prosecuting tens or even hundreds of thousands of young Americans and letting all of them go without so much as a reprimand is simply unwise. No stance is more likely to retard the healing process that this nation so sorely needs. R. P. K.

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Asbestos, long known as a life saver, is now recognized as the leading industrial cause of cancer.

AN ASBESTOS TOWN STRUGGLES WITH A KILLER

BY BRUCE PORTER

As company towns go, Manville, New Jersey (population: 15,000), has much to be thankful for. Besides deriving its livelihood from the 2,225 jobs provided by the Johns-Manville Company —the nation's largest manufacturer of asbestos products—the town enjoys a number of fringe benefits. In the late 1950s Johns-Manville donated $100,000 for a high school building. Over the past three years it has given another $100,000 to Somerset Hospital in nearby Somerville. The company has also picked up the bill for a large part of Manville's $125,000 worth of ambulance and rescue vehicles, and it has donated some $250,000 worth of pipe for the town's new sewage system. Town garbage is dumped at the company's refuse site, a service worth another $100,000 a year. On a smaller scale the company is an easy touch for everything from building materials for the new Veterans of Foreign Wars hall to the $10,000 needed for beer and hot dogs at the annual volunteer firemen's picnic.

But now, it turns out, Manville citizens have been paying a high price for such largess. The incidence of lung cancer among Johns-Manville employees is four times the national norm. Mesothelioma—a form of chest or abdominal cancer that accounts for only one out of every 10,000 deaths in the general population—has in the last eight years claimed the lives of at least fifty-eight Manville residents, most of them workers in the Johns-Manville plant. Asbestosis, or "white lung"—a severe scarring of the lungs caused by inhaling asbestos fibers over the course of many years—is another disease that plagues the company town. Beginning as a mere shortness of breath, asbestosis develops into a near paralysis that makes breathing and bodily movement increasingly difficult. In the end the victim's lungs function so marginally that, if the individual does not suffer death from respiratory illnesses such as pneumonia, he will eventually suffocate.

One Manville resident who is only too well acquainted with asbestosis is George Smith—"Smitty" to his friends —who moved to New Jersey twenty years ago from a Pennsylvania steel town. He was thirty-nine years old at the time, and he was active and healthy. "I was always off hunting or fishing," Smitty told me. "I couldn't stand not to be doing something, you know." A year ago last fall, after seventeen years of making asbestos-lined sewer pipe in the Johns-Manville factory, Smitty came down with asbestosis. "I didn't know what the hell it was," he recalled. "It was just a little shortness of breath, you know, and I'd always been as healthy as a horse all my life. The last doctor I'd seen was when I was born. At first I thought it was just something that would pass, but then it started getting worse and worse, until one day I came to work and I could barely move. I didn't think I'd make it through the day."

Smitty is now virtually immobile. Unable to work, he sits all day in the kitchen of the J & J Delicatessen across

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Bruce Porter, who specializes in writing about environmental subjects, teaches journalism at Brooklyn College. Formerly he was Newsweek*'s urban affairs editor.*

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George Smith, a victim of asbestosis: "God help the man who ties up with anything like this."

the street from the plant. At night Smitty hobbles back to his room above Mary's Tavern—a one-block journey that takes him nearly twenty minutes because he must stop to catch his breath every three steps. His body is thin and frail, and when he talks the words rattle out of his mouth in a series of hoarse belches. "Even if my friends would take me, I don't think I could fish anymore, because if I got a bite I couldn't do anything about it," Smitty said. "I'm finished. I can't work. I can't do anything. God help the man who ties up with anything like this."

While the effects of asbestos-related diseases are, in themselves, fearful, the prospect of the toll they may take in Manville in the near future is even more so. In the next few years, physicians who have studied the problem predict, the number of deaths resulting from asbestos-related diseases can be expected to reach near-epidemic proportions. This is so because the gestation period for asbestosis and mesothelioma ranges between twenty and forty years. Hence, workers who joined the plant in the late 1930s and 1940s are just now beginning to suffer the consequences. A study of 689 Johns-Manville employees that was released last May showed that out of seventy men and women who had worked at least twenty years in the plant's formerly very dusty textile division, some twenty-four of them, or 34 per cent, had died. This death rate is nearly triple that of a similar group in the general population.

"The next five or ten years are going to be rough in Manville," I was told by Dr. Irving J. Selikoff, director of the Environmental Sciences Laboratory at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York and the scientist who conducted the study, "because a lot of people are going to be dying, and so far no one knows what to do about it." Dr. Selikoff adds: "What is tragic is that this is a man-made disease. It is not a visitation from heaven. It was preventable. The serious situation that now exists is a record of failure on the part of us all—scientists, industry, and governmental authority. And industry is correct, in my opinion, in pointing out that what we're seeing now is a result of our mistakes in the past. Having said this, I would urge the most intense efforts to ensure that we do not continue to make these mistakes. Too many men and women have died of our blunders already."

Perhaps no other mineral is so woven into the fabric of American life as is asbestos. Impervious to heat and fibrous—it is the only mineral that can be woven into cloth—asbestos is spun into fireproof clothing and theater curtains, as well as into such household items as noncombustible drapes, rugs, pot holders, and ironing-board covers. Mixed into slurry, asbestos is sprayed onto girders and walls to provide new buildings with fireproof insulation. It is used in floor tiles, roofing felts, and in most plasterboards and wallboards. Asbestos is also an ingredient of plaster and stucco and of many paints and putties. This "mineral of a thousand uses"—an obsolete nickname: the present count stands at around 3,000 uses—is probably present in some form or other in every home, school, office building, and factory in the country. Used in brake linings and clutch facings, in mufflers and gaskets, in sealants and caulking, and extensive-

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Open spraying of asbestos on construction sites has only recently been banned in some Eastern cities.

ly used in ships, asbestos is also a component of every modern vehicle, including space ships.

An estimated five million people—men and women employed in asbestos plants, insulation workers, construction workers, steamfitters, carpenters, tile setters, and the like—daily breathe in significant amounts of asbestos fibers. During World War II some 4.5 million Americans worked in the shipbuilding industry and were thus occupationally exposed to asbestos fibers. An estimated 3.25 million of these people are still alive. Medical scientists fear that the Seventies will bring the first big wave of asbestos-induced cancers among this segment of the population.

In a study published last March in the *Journal of the National Cancer Institute*, Dr. Merle F. Stanton, a scientist at the National Institutes of Health, ranked asbestos second only to cigarette smoke among the known causes of cancer. Dr. Stanton's study points up the fact that asbestos fibers pose a threat to the health of the general public. It is a threat that most cities and towns and federal agencies, like most asbestos-products manufacturers, have been slow to recognize and slow to respond to. For years the sight of flurries of asbestos fibers floating down from construction sites was commonplace in American cities and towns. It was not until February of last year that New York City banned, outright, the use of asbestos in sprays used to fireproof buildings. And New York was a leader in this field. (Last December the Environmental Protection Agency—following the example set by New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and the state of Illinois—took the first legal steps toward banning construction site spraying and "the visible emission of asbestos particulate matter" during repair and demolition of buildings throughout the nation.) How many New Yorkers were breathing the stuff in? Two years ago Dr. Selikoff and his associates at Mount Sinai studied lung tissues from 3,000 consecutive autopsies performed at three different New York hospitals; they found traces of asbestos in 48.3 per cent of them. The air in New York may not be typical of that in other cities, but the statistics stand as a warning.

The fibers to which the general public may be exposed do not come only

in visible blizzards or invisible swirls in big cities. Each time a car mechanic airhoses out a brake housing, he spreads asbestos fibers through his garage. Each time a do-it-yourself or professional carpenter saws up wallboard or plasterboard containing asbestos, he releases fibers into the air. So ubiquitous is asbestos that one tends to forget it is there at all. Last fall the New York City Department of Air Resources tested several brands of powdery papier-mâché mix widely used in elementary school, and found that some samples contained 50 per cent or more asbestos.

The United States is the world's foremost consumer of asbestos. In the span of years from 1965 to 1969 American manufacturers purchased almost one-third of the world's output of asbestos—an average of 800,000 tons per year. Johns-Manville is the giant of America's booming, $1-billion asbestos manufacturing business. According to Matt Swetonic, secretary of the Asbestos Information Association, an industry-funded data distribution center with headquarters in New York City, Johns-Manville manufactures between 35 and 40 per cent of the nation's asbestos fiber. In 1971 the $700-million corporation netted $42.7 million; last year it netted $55 million. Of the country's 400 asbestos-products plants, which employ a total of 31,000 men and women, Johns-Manville owns fifty-five, the largest of its plants being the one in Manville, New Jersey. (In 1912 Henry W. Johns, Jr. and Thomas F. Manville established their first asbestos-products plant in what was then called the township of Hillsborough. Soon the plant was receiving so much freight addressed to Johns-Manville that railroad men nicknamed the place Manville. In 1929 this name was formally adopted by the company town.)

Located some forty miles southwest of New York, Manville is a plain, predominantly Polish-American town built out on either side of a long main street punctuated by a single traffic light. Most of the houses that line the side streets are post–World War II bungalows and Cape Codders, each with its small front lawn and backyard. The tall factory stack and the sprawling complex of dingy old and spanking new buildings of the Johns-Manville plant dominate the scene.

I went to Manville, not because the asbestos plant there was Johns-Manville's biggest and longest established, but because the town's working population had been studied more closely than that of any other asbestos company town. I went also because I had read about the conditions that had long prevailed at the Manville plant, and which had been shown to be the cause of the local plague, and because I had heard of new policies that promised great, if late, improvement in those conditions. I saw Manville, New Jersey as a laboratory in which to study the phenomenon of a group of businessmen and industrial workers trying to cope with the painful discovery that their long-cherished means of livelihood has a lethal side to it. It is a phenomenon that, I suspect, has occurred, and will repeatedly occur, in the course of this century in which industrial progress always seems to outstrip man's knowledge of the full human consequences of such progress. For, once on the move, industry is usually too preoccupied to pause, look back, and help out.

Evidence that asbestos fibers cause lung damage was on hand even before Johns and Manville started up operations in New Jersey. But, as Paul Brodeur observed in "The Magic Mineral," an article published in *The New Yorker* in 1968, "coyness on the part of industry, timidity on the part of labor, and obtuseness on the part of the medical profession often combined to make early investigations into the health of asbestos

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An electron microscope reveals asbestos fibrils found in the air of an asbestos worker's home.

workers meaningless." Then, in 1928 and 1929, the chief medical inspector of the British Home Office's factory department examined 363 asbestos-textile workers and found that more than 25 per cent of them showed evidence of suffering from asbestosis. In 1931, on the basis of the inspector's findings, Parliament made the disease compensable and, among other measures, instituted periodical checkups for workers engaged in particularly hazardous processes in the industry. Next, in 1955, Dr. Richard S. Doll, director of the Statistical Research Unit of the British Medical Research Council, completed a study of 113 consecutive autopsies of men who had been occupationally exposed to asbestos for more than twenty years. Doll's study showed that the extent to which they had risked lung cancer over the whole period was eleven times as great as that of men in the general population of England and Wales. Brodeur observes in his pioneering article on this subject: "From then on, many doctors were convinced that a causal relationship between asbestos exposure and lung cancer had been demonstrated, although almost no part of the vast asbestos industry either acknowledged the relationship or found it advisable to aid the independent researchers who were investigating it."

The health hazard posed by asbestos came home to Manville in 1963, when Dr. Maxwell Borow, a local physician, found that seventeen townsmen had died of mesothelioma within the span of three years. Four years later Borow asked Johns-Manville for $3,000 to finance a display to educate both workers and the medical profession at large on asbestos-related diseases; his request was turned down. Borow subsequently approached the workers' union, Local 800 of the United Papermakers and Paperworkers; the union organized the collection of the needed money.

Why had Johns-Manville declined to help out? "It was our opinion," Jack Solon, the corporation's vice-president in charge of environmental affairs, explained to me, "that in 1967 there was a need to learn more about mesothelioma before a relationship with asbestos could be affirmed or denied." Besides, Solon added, since 1950 the company had already spent some $2 to $3 million

on new dust-control equipment and, as a result, considered the Manville plant a safe place to work in. Men and women who worked at the plant in the Fifties and Sixties, however, failed to notice that the new equipment made any appreciable difference. "There were times when the air was so thick with asbestos dust in some places that you couldn't even see," I was told by a textile division worker who has been with the company for thirty-two years. "Sometimes it was even impossible to breathe with a respirator because the filters would get so clogged with asbestos." (Respirators are generally unpopular among asbestos workers. The wearer sweats and his eyes smart. For workers who have cardiac or pulmonary problems, breathing through an ordinary respirator adds to the strain on their lungs and heart. Air-cooled respirators that supply air to the wearer are bulky and costly.)

Even outside the factory the air was frequently full of the potentially deadly fibers. In the Lost Valley section of town—an area downwind from the factory—the fiber fallout would get so thick that homeowners had to hose the stuff off their houses. Directly in front of the plant conditions were even worse. "When I'd direct traffic there," Sgt. George Kalman of the Manville police recalled, "there were days when it was like we were having snow flurries in July. I'd take off my hat, and it would be covered with this white dust."

Meanwhile, examinations by company doctors were carried out only once every two years—a schedule that was increased to once a year in 1972. Such infrequent checkups may have been sufficient to monitor a slowly developing case of asbestosis, but they were less useful as a means of catching a victim of a swiftly developing cancer, particularly mesothelioma, a disease that normally proves fatal six months to a year after the cancer shows up in X-ray pictures. (To jump from past decades to an illustration from the recent past: in December 1971 Danny Maciborski, a forty-nine-year old ex-marine who had worked for Johns-Manville for thirty years, checked in at the company dispensary for his biennial physical and was given a clean bill of health. A few weeks later, however, he felt a strange sensation in his abdomen—as if his stomach were "getting bigger," as he put it—and went to see a private physician, who in turn sent him to Dr. Borow. Borow's tests showed that Maciborski had a malignant tumor of the membrane that lines the abdominal cavity—in other words, mesothelioma. "I knew what it was because everybody at the plant knows about asbestosis and mesothelioma now," Maciborski told a reporter for the *New York Post*. "I wasn't surprised or shocked about it . . . . I just asked [Dr. Borow], 'How long have I got?' " Maciborski died last September. He lasted as long as he did because he was willing to go to the doctor every two weeks to have up to eight quarts of fluid pumped out of his abdomen. Johns-Manville paid Maciborski's medical expenses, and, as provided by New Jersey state compensation laws, it is paying his widow $76 a week—a sum that will drop to $72 this June, when her eldest son will turn eighteen.)

Why, throughout the Fifties and Sixties, did men and women continue to work in the plant if conditions were so hazardous? The answer would seem to have as much to do with psychology as with economics. "It's funny," says Chester Raczkowski, a forty-one-year-old machinist and union shop steward at the plant, "but the only people who seem scared of this stuff come from outside the community." To Raczkowski, who has worked at the plant since he was eighteen, his job is a way of life that he is not about to give up just because of a few "scare stories" in the press. "You and I can work in a place for thirty-five years, and maybe you get

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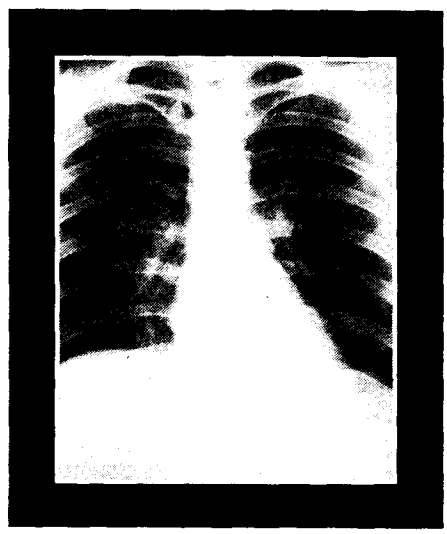
An asbestos-induced mesothelioma may take up to forty years to develop. Here, an X-ray photograph of normal lungs.

cancer or something and I don't—who's to say? Dr. Borow says he's an expert on this mesothelioma or whatever it's called. How do I know? Maybe I'm fatalistic, but I'm a Catholic, and I figure you die when it's time to die." One thing Raczkowski does know is that he would find it difficult to leave his job at the Johns-Manville plant. As a first-class machinist, he earns $4.25 an hour, has a five-week vacation, and is entitled to a generous hospitalization program. "Where else could I get all these benefits?" Rackowski asks.

Raczkowski's attitude—fatalism mixed with a sense of being pretty well off where he is—is one shared by the town's officials, most of whom work at the plant, too. Manville's mayor is a factory supervisor. A majority of the members of the local board of health, whose duties include seeing to it that the town's air is fit to breathe, are also employed by Johns-Manville. Last spring, when the town belatedly decided to ascertain whether asbestos fibers were still sifting down on Manville, it seemed only natural that the board should ask the company to do the monitoring. The air was found clean.

Indeed, by 1972 Johns-Manville *had* taken a series of steps to clean up its factory, thereby improving the quality of the town's air. Much of the impetus for improvement came in the form of a 158-day strike in the winter of 1969–70. The main issues involved in the strike included such conventional items as overtime pay and job security, but it wasn't until the union brought the issue of health into the talks that it found real clout. "It was then," I was told by Wilbur Ruff, former plant manager at Manville and now the factory's director of community and employee relations, "that they started getting a lot of sympathy in the press." Finally, the company agreed to admit union representatives to the plant's environmental committee, thus allowing them to examine fiber counts made in the factory, and to let workers see their own company-kept health records.

Two powerful nudges, felt by the entire industry, came later in 1970 and in 1971. In December 1970 Congress passed the Occupational Safety and Health Act, which established the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health (NIOSH), a body charged



with conducting environmental and medical research necessary to develop safe industrial standards, and empowered the Labor Department's Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA) to promulgate and enforce these standards. Shortly after the act became effective, in April 1971, Local 800 in Manville filed a complaint which brought inspectors in. Violations were found and citations issued.

Then, in November 1971, under the provisions of the newly effective act, the industrial union department of the AFL-CIO requested then-Secretary of Labor James Hodgson to promulgate emergency standards for asbestos dust and lower the acceptable fiber count from five so-called long fibers per cubic centimeter of air to two. (A long fiber is one greater than five microns in length.) The AFL-CIO request claimed that five million American workers were being exposed to increasingly dense concentrations of airborne asbestos fibers and that the situation called for prompt action. Hodgson took his time. Early in 1972 he appointed an Advisory Committee on Asbestos Dust and hired Arthur D. Little, Inc., a consulting firm with a liberal reputation, to provide advice on the economic feasibility of lowering the fiber count. (Arthur D. Little, Inc., assembled a braintrust consisting of thirteen executives from the shipbuilding industry, twelve executives from the asbestos industry, and eleven doctors, most of whom had previously served as consultants to the asbestos industry.)

Meanwhile NIOSH put together a special advisory group of medical researchers to look into the fiber-count problem. Both the Hodgson-appointed Advisory Committee on Asbestos Dust and the NIOSH panel recommended lowering the count to two fibers. The Arthur D. Little panel, on the other hand, concluded that the five-fiber count was safe and that bringing the count down would be prohibitively expensive for all industrialists concerned. Then, in June, four days were set aside for public hearings at the Labor Department's offices in Washington, D.C.

Predictably, Dr. Seilkoff argued for the lowest possible count. (So, too, in the last few months of his life, did Danny Maciborski, whose appearance at the hearings one Johns-Manville official I talked to referred to as having been "in bad taste.") Dr. Selikoff pointed out that, while researchers know that a worker must be exposed to large doses of asbestos dust before he contracts asbestosis, they also know that considerably less exposure can cause mesothelioma. (As far back as the early 1960s medical researchers in such far-flung parts of the world as Johannesburg, London, and Pittsburgh were coming up with reports on large numbers of mesothelioma victims who had had no direct occupational exposure to asbestos: wives of asbestos workers who had inhaled fibers when shaking out their husbands' work clothes, people who had simply lived within half a mile of an asbestos factory, a fourteen-year-old boy whose only contact with the fibers occurred when he helped his father saw and install plasterboard.) Lowering the fiber count would reduce the incidence of asbestosis, then, but it would not necessarily solve the problem of asbestos-related cancers. On this point, Selikoff was able to cite evidence from his just completed study of the 689 Manville workers. It demonstrated that, under usual factory conditions, as the incidence of asbestosis declines the incidence of cancer rises. In his survey of workers in the formerly high-fiber-count textile division, for instance, Selikoff found that 39 per cent of the workers' deaths resulted from asbestosis, 24 per cent from various types of cancer, whereas in areas where the fiber-count was comparatively low (though not as low as counts recently achieved

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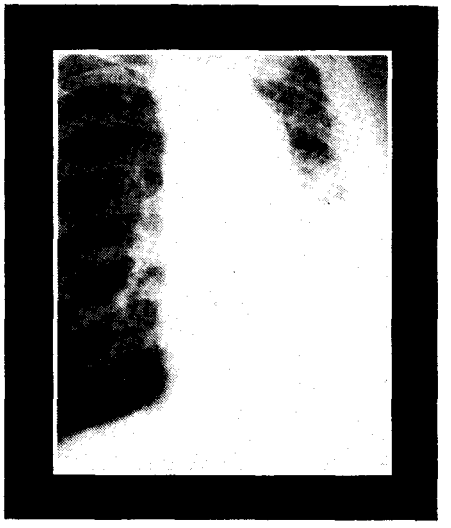
Once active, mesothelioma spreads swiftly. This X-ray photograph shows a lung covered with cancerous growth.

at the Manville plant), such as the company's research laboratory or its maintenance shop, cancer accounted for 40 per cent of the workers' deaths, asbestosis for approximately 5 per cent. ("What was happening," I was told by Dr. William J. Nicholson, an associate of Selikoff's at Mount Sinai, "was that, without asbestosis, these people lived longer, which gave them time to die from cancer, also caused by asbestos.")

A second point made by Selikoff was that the monitoring techniques used to ascertain the fiber count set by the Department of Labor record only long fibers, although shorter fibers are equally capable of causing cancer. Moreover, in a cubic-centimeter sample of air containing the admissable count of five long fibers there may be ten to 100 times as many short fibers. And it is these uncounted ones that remain in the air the longest. (In a recent conversation I asked Dr. Selikoff what these figures meant in terms of the numbers of fibers an asbestos worker can be asked to breathe in the course of an eight-hour work day. Each of us respires approximately one million cubic centimeters of air in an hour, he explained. Thus, in eight hours men and women assigned to sections of an asbestos plant where the five-fiber count obtains respire some forty million fibers. If the so-called short fibers are taken into account, the number of fibers respired daily rises to around four billion.)

While Dr. Selikoff and other medical researchers stressed health factors at the Labor Department hearing, asbestos industry spokesmen emphasized economic considerations. Henry B. Moreno, Johns-Manville's senior operating vice-president, asserted that to achieve a two-fiber-count level in all of its asbestos factories would cost about $12 million in capital expenditures, plus some $5 million in additional operating expenses each year. This would mean, he said, that the company would simply have to close down the dustier operations in the Manville plant and fire 800 employees —all but killing off the economic life of the town. Nor, he argued, would the effects of a two-fiber standard stop there. Other asbestos companies would be forced to lay off workers; they would have to begin buying asbestos materials from abroad. "It is obvious," said Moreno, "that the overall effect of lowering



the present [standard] to two fibers per cc. would have a very substantial effect on our nation's economy."

In July Hodgson—rebuffing both his Advisory Committee on Asbestos Dust and the NIOSH panel—agreed to allow the exposure standard to remain at five fibers for four more years; only in 1976 would the standard be lowered to the safer-sounding count of two fibers. Johns-Manville welcomed Hodgson's decision. "The new occupational health standard for asbestos issued today," declared a company notice to stockholders, which came out the same day as the Labor Secretary's decision, "will have no tangible effect on sales and earnings of Johns-Manville Corporation." The release went on to say that between now and the department's 1976 deadline company officials would have to study the "economics and overall profitability" of the Manville operation before deciding whether it would meet the reduced exposure standards or close down much of the plant. (Apropos of Johns-Manville's priorities, it might be noted that, while the company expressed qualms about spending more money to make its factories safer places to work in, it recently spent $25.9 million to transfer its corporate headquarters from New York City to a pristine setting twelve miles outside Denver.)

Dr. Selikoff took a different view of Hodgson's four-more-years decision. Estimating that some 100,000 men and women will enter asbestos-related industries before the fiber count is lowered in 1976, he predicted that 20,000 of them might be expected to die of lung cancer, 7,000 of mesothelioma, and another 7,000 of other cancers and asbestosis—a high rate of death from these diseases that could, and should, have been lowered.

1972 proved to be a paradoxical year in Johns-Manville history. In Washington, as we have seen, one company spokesman after the other had predicted dire financial results not just for the industry but for the entire economy if the fiber count were lowered. Back in Manville, however, company engineers were bringing the count way down without causing a dip in the dividends. At the hearings Sheldon Samuels, director of health and environmental affairs for the AFL-CIO's industrial union department, had told spokesmen for the industry this could be done; the spokesmen had insisted it couldn't. Fiber-count statistics provided by Samuels [see box] are revealing in a number of ways. Not only do they make dramatically clear how vastly the situation at Manville improved in 1972; they also indicate that controls were slack well into the supposedly safe Sixties.

With 91 per cent of the plant now operating within the standard set for 1976, things are looking up at Manville. Even such critical observers as Dr. Borow and Dr. Selikoff say that they are impressed by the changes made. Still, these tardy improvements are small comfort to people like Smitty, who "can't do anything." Nor shall they benefit those Manville citizens who in the next few years will suffer from having worked at or lived near the plant when conditions were far more hazardous than they are today. □

Asbestos Fiber Countdown

The chart below shows percentages of asbestos-fiber-count samples obtained at work stations representative of all those in full operation at the time at Johns-Manville's Manville, New Jersey, plant during four years for which such counts are available.

	Less than 2 fibers	2-5 fibers	5-12 fibers	More than 12 fibers
1965	15.6	24.8	51.3	8.3
1967	9.8	13.7	25.5	51.0
1971	14.0	27.2	43.9	14.9
1972	91.0	9.0		

(Figures provided by Sheldon Samuels, director of health and environmental affairs for the AFL-CIO's industrial union department)

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THE NEW WEDDING

NOT

"Till Death Do Us Part"

BUT

"For as Long as We Dig It"

BY MARCIA SELIGSON

There's a myth afoot in our land that the wedding is a dodo bird, extinct, or dying if not dead. Rumor to the contrary, in 1971 (figures are not yet available for 1972) there were 2,196,000 marriages in the United States, 648,000 more than in 1961. In addition, seven out of eight first-time couples were married in a church or synagogue, and 80 per cent of all first-time weddings were formal (an increase over previous years), 96 per cent of marrying couples held a reception (another increase), and over 84 per cent of first-time brides wore formal bridal gowns. The American wedding industry is a booming $7 billion-a-year business.

What concerns us here is a second myth about weddings in America. It has to do with youngsters of the new consciousness. It says that they have no sense of romantic love, that their relationships consist of leaping from bed to bed with the capricious speed of fleas hopping from one dog to another. "Doing your own thing," it is believed, implies living only for the moment, for the peak experience, eschewing concepts like "future" and "commitment" and "responsibility." Couples move in with each other easily, swiftly, and move out with the same ease, only to be replaced before the mattress has cooled. Musical sheets. Those few who stay together surely do not permit anything as mundane as a marriage ceremony.

But one Manhattan rabbi has performed more than 500 weddings, all of them of the "new" species, most often joining couples who have been living together but who still—to smash the mythology—opt for marriage. Says the Reverend William Glenesk, the clergyman who joined Tiny Tim and Miss Vicki: "The new wedding is a ceremony to confirm what a couple has found by living together, not to make promises about what they hope will happen." It is a celebration of what is already there, a public reaffirmation of the commitment and continuity, rather than a beginning. "We don't believe that our wedding is going to be the most important event in our life together," said a West Coast bride, "and we don't believe that a wedding makes you a married couple."

The key word in the New Wedding is "meaningful." "I had never been to a wedding that had any meaning at all until the past year or so," says one girl who was recently married on a beach in Virginia. "When Tom and I planned our wedding, we talked about all the formal church and hotel affairs we'd been to—those of friends and relatives—and realized how empty they were. Phony, with all that etiquette junk and everything done for the parents who just wanted to show off for their friends. You never knew what the couple was like, and you never cared. And there was no real joy at all. We knew we wanted to have something that would be more than just another drunken party—something uniquely ours."

What seems to be most "meaningful" to the new breed is the beauty of an outdoor setting. Beaches, hilltops, meadows, parks, caves, rocks. Free space. Serenity. The revelers in the movie *Goodbye, Columbus* spent thousands of dollars transforming a hotel ballroom into a forest; these kids simply use the forest. And the setting dictates the tone of the new fete, which is natural and informal. One cannot quite summon up visions of haughty, white-gloved waiters trooping through the sand dunes with silver trays of miniature quiche Lorraine. Or a trumpety band blasting out the strains of a bossa nova through the Grand Canyon. Or a bride in Priscilla of Boston lace and satin greeting her chiffoned guests in a receiving line—on top of a rock.

The New Wedding, like the counterculture it springs from, belongs mostly to children of the successful middle class, offspring of folks who have "made it" in traditional American terms. In theory the New Wedding opposes the

Marcia Seligson is a freelance journalist and a frequent contributer to national magazines. This article is adapted from her book The Eternal Bliss Machine: America's Way of Wedding, *to be published in May by William Morrow and Company, Inc.*

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Instead of using the traditional church setting, most Nev Weddings take place outdoors (above, Mr. and Mrs. Andr Bailey are encircled by guests at their wedding in the Sa Cruz Mountains). Music may be anything from Rodgers a Hart to "Hair" and is usually performed by friends of the bride and groom (below, two flutists at a recent wedding Readings may come from Tennyson, Goethe, or Eldridge Cleaver; vows may be completely original or entirely abse In one New Wedding the bride and groom turned to eacl other adoringly and repeated the Boy Scout Oath, reaching an emotional climax with the words "thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent."

But Is It Legal?

With so many departures from the traditional ceremony and vows in the New Wedding, many people ask if it is a valid event, if indeed the two people who preside over their own weddings are legally married. The answer is yes. Because we've heard the standard litany so many times, we think it is necessary, legally as well as morally. In fact, all a man and woman need to do to become married, after satisfying the licensing and blood test requirements (which vary from state to state), is to announce their intent, have a recognized official publicly affirm that intent, and have witnesses sign the papers. Everything else that we've come to associate with the wedding ritual is only whipped cream.—M.S.

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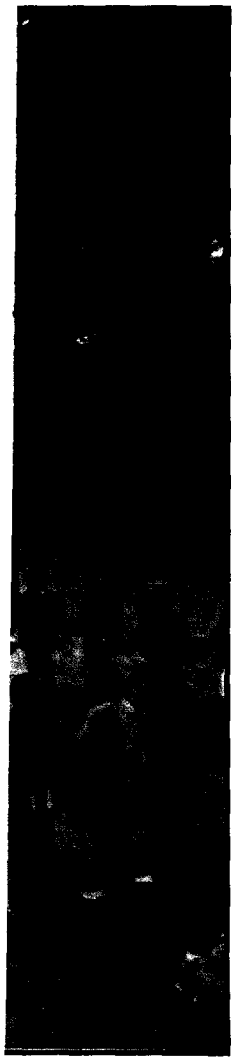

In a New Wedding couples either wear what they'd be wearing on any other day (below, left), make an attempt to rise above the everyday (below, right), or really go at it (above). At one dune-top wedding the groom—clad in white-satin bell-bottoms, white boots, and a balloon-sleeved silk shirt that included every color in the spectrum—received awed gasps usually reserved for the bride. She, bedecked only in your ordinary white-suede hooded monk's robe, was outclassed.

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One of the most remarkable of weddings—new or old—took place last summer in Marshall, California (above). Seventy-one couples, all in nineteenth-century dress, took their vows simultaneously at a ranch owned by the Synanon Foundation, an educational center for drug addicts, before 2,000 guests, all associated with Synanon. New Weddings often attempt to re-create earlier American weddings, in which people were married outdoors in cooperative ventures shared in by the entire community. But the "entire community" is defined differently at a New Wedding—none of Father's business accounts or Mother's bowling team. The community is more often an ideological one.

The carefully gotten-up guest (above) at a recent California wedding and the woman (at left) dressed in clothes of her own making suggest the individualism of the New Wedding. Although anything is possible in wardrobe and make-up, the food, prepared by the wedding party itself, is often restricted to the "natural" and "organic." Which doesn't please everyone: "The hardest thing for me to get used to in these new weddings," says one minister in San Francisco, "is how lousy the food is. Everything the kids serve is just like what I eat when I have the flu!"

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old by being spontaneous, without artifice, and "personally relevant" (an expression used as often in this crowd as is "dearly beloved" in the black-tie set). Sometimes it is so even in practice.

The most graphic departure from the conventional American wedding scheme is that the new frontier has usurped control from their parents. Normally, the event is unquesionably in Mother's hands, and the bride bows out beneath the tidal pressures of money and minutiae. That's the unspoken bargain between Mama and daughter. The New Wedding, in spirit, is a statement about who the bride and groom are. Mother is but another guest.

The conventional middle-class American wedding serves as a reconciliation —at least for one day—of disparate elements within the family. The two brothers who have loathed each other for twenty years bury their hatchets in the veal parmesan; octogenarian great-aunts are invited to waltz by young lads who can't remember the Korean War. Folks who in normal life have nothing much to say to one another somehow find a commonality on wedding days. But the New Wedding —does it need to be said?—stretches the generation gap into a continental divide.

Not long ago I attended a New Wedding in the woods of Malibu Canyon, just north of Los Angeles. The setting was lovely, utterly removed from any vestiges of city life, and the day was sunny, balmy. Virginia and Ken, the bride and groom, are in their early twenties and have lived together about a year; he is a film editor and she works in a plant store; both are from L.A., both are Jewish. Although Virginia's parents know that she has been living with Ken, they expected her to have a veritable Barnum and Bailey spectacular at one of the local hotels, and a great rift followed her declaration of wedding intentions. But tempers eased, and now both sets of parents are present, along with a dozen or so close relations and fifty of the couple's friends.

One has to park the car at the bottom of a rolling grassy hill and walk half a mile. Lining the path and sitting poised in trees are young friends playing soft rock tunes on flutes, guitars, and harmonicas. The scene is idyllically beautiful, and the aura of open friendliness and joy is pure, untrammeled by the robot presence of banquet managers or the rigor mortis of etiquette edicts. I saunter up the hill, feeling the magic of the day. But almost immediately I have my first confrontation of many with the generation chasm. Behind me, the bride's Aunt Florence, wearing a pink brocade Hadassah gown, has caught the heel of her pink shoe in a tree root, and now she wants to go home. I don't know whether to laugh or sympathize, so terror-stricken is she about this wedding, so incapable of bending to it, of flowing with it, of seeing how inescapably pretty and sweet it is.

But then nothing that occurs this day will bear any familiarity to Aunt Florence. The bride does not march down an aisle, enveloped in trick lighting; she is standing on the hill when we arrive; she is without shoes and wears a long peasant dress made of patchwork tablecloths; her coronet is of daffodils. Ken is splendid in orange-and-yellow striped bell-bottoms, a fringed Apache vest, and a matching daffodil headpiece. All the friends are dressed flamboyantly, exuberantly, as if for a fabulous costume revelry. Bare midriffs, leather shorts, gypsy wildnesses. The elders, of course, are in their spiffiest wedding finery—except for one or two chic matrons, in peasant frocks from Beverly Hills boutiques, who are urgently "With It."

People are talking and drinking wine. Joints are being passed with some discretion (nobody hands one to Aunt Florence). Both sets of parents are trying—they are really trying—desperately, with smiles as frozen as the masks of Comedy. Soon a rabbi appears—one of the "hippie rabbis," as they are known around L.A., not because they themselves are hippies, mind you, but because they do this kind of wedding. The joints are extinguished. (This cleric has insisted ahead of time that no pot smoking take place while he is on the premises; others prefer the presence of marijuana to cigarettes or alcohol.)

Everybody casually sits down on the grass—chairs have been provided for Aunt Florence and the like—in a circle around Ken, Virginia, and the rabbi. Easy rapping flows into the "ceremony." A young girl carrying an infant (which she periodically nurses in front of everybody during the day—another freakout for the relatives) hands the child away, picks up a guitar, and sings a Joni Mitchell ballad in a clear soprano. The rabbi then recites some familiar lines from *The Prophet*, beginning

Said the rabbi, "I feel good vibes for you, Johnny."

The New Wedding still needs a recognized official in attendance, and the new clergyman who joins these brides and grooms is likely to be as offbeat as the rituals he encourages—or sometimes insists upon. He dispenses with the ecclesiastical rhetoric on which he was weaned and talks from the pulpit as if he were talking on the phone. The Reverend Cecil Williams in San Francisco wears a dashiki to weddings; Rabbi Bruce Goldman of New York wears a blue jeans suit. (Goldman has said that weddings held in synagogues turn him off.) The Reverend Al Carmines in Manhattan has been quoted as saying that the wedding of a pregnant girl is "joyous," and the Reverend B. D. Napier of Stanford University becomes "increasingly uneasy with a wedding ceremony that doesn't speak to us now."

Perhaps the most crazy-quilted of styles belongs to Rabbi Will Kramer, who could be Zero Mostel's bearded double and who officiates at many of the new Jewish nuptials in Los Angeles. At such ceremonies he wears long robes and a prayer shawl, and his voice is awesome, booming, Talmudic. But what comes out of his mouth is jarringly peppered with Hip lingo, like "I feel good vibes for you, Johnny," which he then translates into Yiddish for the older audience, coming on like a Catskills comic.

Sitting in his home, flanked by a vast collection of biblical artifacts, he told me that he believes marriages should be arranged as in the old days and that he will not perform a marriage between Jew and Gentile unless the children will be raised as Jews. But, as I am leaving, his parting words are completely bereft of such traditional sentiment: "Weddings are a high. Anything I can do to help people kick loneliness for friendship turns me on."

But most clergymen I talked to still prefer the old wedding, agreeing that the traditional wedding is good and appropriate, that it is a fortress against the breakdown of family life. To create one's own vows, they say, is to castrate the church. The liturgy as it stands ensures dignity and thus solemnity, and any departures save those few instituted by the church itself are blasphemous.

Thus the clergy and the brides and grooms fit similar patterns. There are some of both groups who want the New Wedding and cannot abide the old. But there remains a majority that insists on the old.—M.S.

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No matter the various forms it may take, the wedding is anchored at the very core of civilization.

"Love one another but make not a bond of love . . . ."

Virginia speaks a Carl Sandburg poem, looking lovingly into Ken's eyes: "But leave me a little love/A voice to speak to me in the day's end/A hand to touch me in the dark room/Breaking the long long loneliness." So far everything is terribly romantic and touching; even the elders, poised stiffly in wooden chairs, their regal hairdos and garbs successfully defying the strong breeze, even they are moved. After all, Ali MacGraw and Ryan O'Neal in *Love Story* read Elizabeth Barrett Browning to each other in their nuptials; so it must be okay.

But then the recitation takes a turn, a bizarre turn with Ken and Virginia together reciting the Fritz Perls "Gestalt Prayer": "I do my thing, and you do your thing. I am not in this world to live up to your expectations/And you are not in this world to live up to mine./You are you and I am I and if by chance we find each other, it's beautiful." (The last line, "If not, it can't be helped," is tactfully omitted from the reading.) The families start to twitch nervously and glance around at each other over their shoulders with unspoken "You-see-I-knew-it" looks of anger.

Then something incredible happens, something awful, the coalescence of the parents' terror of how this all would turn out. Okay, maybe all these hippies aren't making love on the grass or going berserk on LSD, but suddenly this strange ceremony (not a word of Hebrew or a "for better or worse") . . . suddenly it gets *political*. Virginia stands up and reads from Emma Goldman on women's suffrage, about asserting herself "as a personality and not as a sex commodity" and "refusing the right to anyone over her body" and "refusing to bear children, unless she wants them" and "refusing to be a servant to God, the State, society, the husband, the family . . . ." And the kids shout "Right on, sister," and the family just drops dead.

In ancient Jewish lore, when a girl marries a Gentile, she is declared dead by the father and, in effect, is treated as such forever. Virginia—I see by the faces of the judges on the chairs, faces at once iced and terrified—has just been pronounced a corpse. When, at the end, the couple shatters the traditional glass, adding the hope that the noise will drive away such repressive forces in our society as Nixon and Agnew—well, hardly anybody even notices. They are all comatose.

The party following is jolly, with group singing and folk dancing and games like Spin the Bottle and Pin the Tail on the Donkey, and an organic feast, which includes fruit salad, homemade breads, and the inevitable honey-in-the-comb. The only incongruous note is the presence of a whole roast suckling pig, which reclines dead center in the mélange of food—like a gigantic middle finger pointed upward.

The pig is just one more stab to the older generation, which has not yet recovered from Emma Goldman. Their rage and confusion suffuse the otherwise joyful ambience. I am saddened by the real depths of the breach: they cannot step down off their chairs, and the kids cannot understand or lessen their pain. As a final event, Ken and Virginia open the gifts—a gesture meant hopefully to involve both planets—but even here barriers prevail. One present is a garish cut-crystal something—a bowl, or a decanter, or a lamp, it's hard to tell which—and the next is a membership in a Zero Population Growth organization.

Mother has tried hard throughout the day, but finally she falls apart, goes limp. I go over to her as she is sipping some rose-petal soup; it is as if she is in shock. "This has nothing to do with anything I've come to associate with a wedding," she mourns. "I don't know what to do here, and, to tell you the truth, I don't even believe they're really married."

Any wedding symbolizes the end of the child's childhood and dependence. Unconsciously parents prepare themselves for the inevitable, just as one unconsciously prepares for pain before an operation. But, traditionally, parents see the wedding as *their* day, the final chapter that *they* are the authors of. To disrupt these ingrained assumptions is to cause an earthquake of major proportions. The New Wedding is an earthquake.

In addition, the New Wedding, in its pure form, is a very real, though infant, metaphor of change. It speaks of a "greening of America," of a journey by certain young couples away from fraudulence and toward a new humanism. "Some of our ancient language simply doesn't express the meaning these kids want to express to each other when they take marriage vows," says the Reverend A. Myrvin DeLapp. "Their great concern is for the honesty of the human relationship; the sense of personhood is to be honored."

If the New Wedding truly defines the newlyweds' vision of marriage, then one thing becomes clear: these kids have expectations as lofty, and hope and optimism as widespread, as anybody who ever got married in America. But they also bear a new sense of adult reality, a sense that married life is not quite what the bridal magazines have been hawking. New vows frequently stress deep friendship and self-growth rather than roses and perfect union. And "foreverness" is dead: "Till death do us part" is replaced by such less permanent vows as "So long as I am able," or "As long as our love endures," or "For as long as we dig it."

What the New Wedding expresses—sometimes poignantly, sometimes stridently—is a claim for self, for dignity and autonomy, for alternatives and for change. Leaving aside its many laudable goals as well as the inevitable pain it introduces, the New Wedding nonetheless preserves our craving for the wedding ritual. As American life gets more fragmented, the drive to create new rituals—as well as to reaffirm the old—becomes stronger. We reach especially to the most primitive and important of all rituals—the rites of passage. Birth, marriage, and death, to be sure, are our most elemental and major steps. Since the wedding is the only one of these ritual commemorations at which we are fully and consciously present, it is our most essential rite. No matter the various forms it may take, it is anchored at the very core of civilization.

In such a rite, the ceremony itself is an outgrowth of the society for which the individual is being groomed. Traditional American weddings are ritual events of fierce, even gluttonous, consumption, orgies of intensified buying, probably never again to be repeated in the life of the wedded couple. The New Wedding has shelved the consumerism and all the rest it finds fraudulent in the traditional ceremony. Still, the New Wedding remains a wedding, and its changes should not mask the continuities it provides. □

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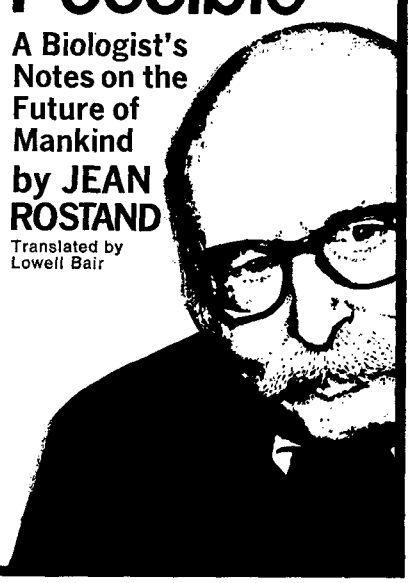

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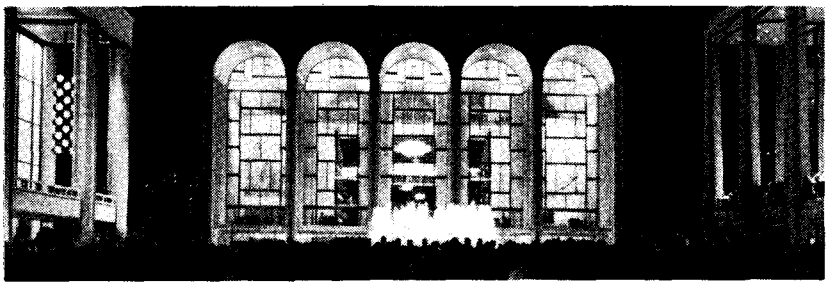

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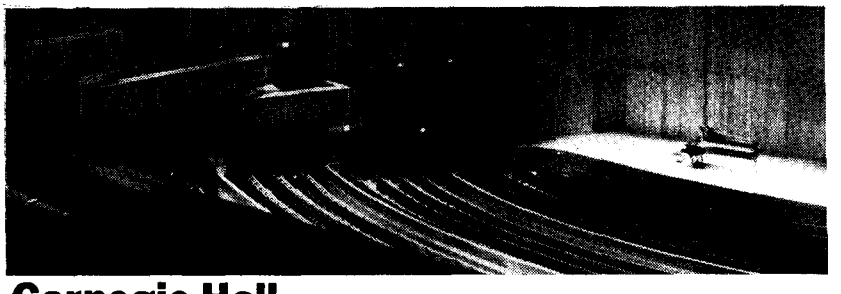

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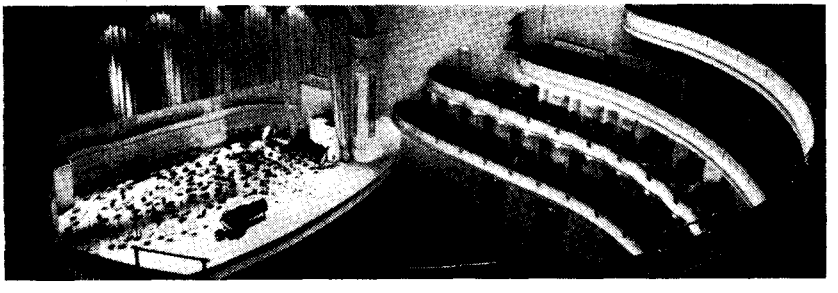

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A history of the Gallup Poll provides an encouraging progress report on Americans' attitudes toward women at work and in politics.

GALLUPING ATTITUDES

Since its founding in 1935, the American Institute of Public Opinion, better known as the Gallup Poll, has put approximately 20,000 questions to more than two million people. Random House recently brought out a three-volume, 2,228-page collection that contains this torrent of questions and that records the various answers received over the years by Gallup's pertinent pollsters.

Costly ($95 for the set), but not otherwise forbidding, *The Gallup Poll, Public Opinion 1935–1971* is a compendium of reports on social and political change in the U.S.A. from the New Deal era to the Age of Nixon. It springs surprises: To a 1950 question, "Which do you think is better off financially today—the man who lives in the city or the man who lives on the farm?" 68 per cent of those polled thought the farmer was better off. It gives evidence to support the charge that a single well-organized lobby can speak louder in Congress than can a substantial majority of the voting public: In 1935, 84 per cent of those polled thought that "all owners of revolvers should be required to register with the government;" in 1963, 78 per cent approved of similar legislation, as did 73 per cent in 1967—but such legislation has yet to be passed. It also reminds us that in 1970, 63 per cent of those polled believed that "the American political system does not respond quickly enough to meet the needs of the people."

One of the most interesting social changes to follow through the years in these pages is that of Americans' attitudes toward women at work and in politics. Herewith, an abbreviated reading of Gallup's progress report:

1936

Should a married woman earn money if she has a husband capable of supporting her?

Yes	18%
No	82

1937

Would you vote for a woman for President, if she qualified in every other [sic] *respect?*

Yes	34%
No	66

1938

Do you approve of a married woman earning money in business or industry if she has a husband capable of supporting her?

Approve	22%
Disapprove	78

1942

With the advent of the Second World War, the question abruptly changes to:

If women replace men in industry should they be paid the same wages as men?

Yes	78%
No	14
Undecided	8

1945

If the party whose candidate you most often support nominated a woman for President of the United States, would you vote for her if she seemed best qualified for the job?

Yes	33%
No	55
No opinion	12

Would you approve or disapprove of having a capable woman in the President's Cabinet?

Approve	38%
Disapprove	48
No opinion	14

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In 1937, 66% of the Gallup Poll sample said they would not vote for a woman for President; by 1971, 66% approved of the idea.

Nothing indicates the change in Americans' attitudes toward women at work or in politics more than the last question raised in *The Gallup Poll*: "What women that you have heard or read about, living today in any part of the world, do you admire the most?" As recently as 1956 the answer, "listed in order of frequency of mention," was:

Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt
Claire Booth Luce
Mrs. Dwight Eisenhower
Helen Keller
Queen Elizabeth II
Helen Hayes
Mme. Chiang Kai-shek
Kate Smith
Marian Anderson
Princess Grace of Monaco

Several of those women could be said to have been actively involved in politics, but none was an elected official. Half of them had no connection with politics whatsoever.

In 1971, by way of contrast, the ten most admired women were:

Golda Meir
Mrs. Richard Nixon
Mrs. Joseph Kennedy
Mme. Indira Gandhi
Mrs. Dwight Eisenhower
Mrs. Aristotle Onassis
Mrs. Lyndon Johnson
Mrs. John Mitchell
Margaret Chase Smith
Shirley Chisholm

All of these women are intimately linked with politics. Four of them, at the time that the survey was taken, were elected officials. □

1971

If your party nominated a woman for President, would you vote for her if she were qualified for the job?

Yes	66%
No	29
No opinion	5

1967

If your party nominated a woman for President, would you vote for her if she were qualified for the job?

Yes	57%
No	39
No opinion	4

1958

Would you vote for a woman for President?

Yes	52%
No	43
Don't know	5

1955

If the party whose candidate you most often support nominated a woman for President of the United States, would you vote for her if she seemed best qualified for the job?

Yes	52%
No	44
Undecided	4

1945

Would you approve or disapprove of having a capable woman on the Supreme Court?

Approve	47%
Disapprove	40
No opinion	13

If the party you most often support nominated a woman for governor of this state, would you vote for her if she seemed qualified for the job?

Yes	56%
No	35
No opinion	9

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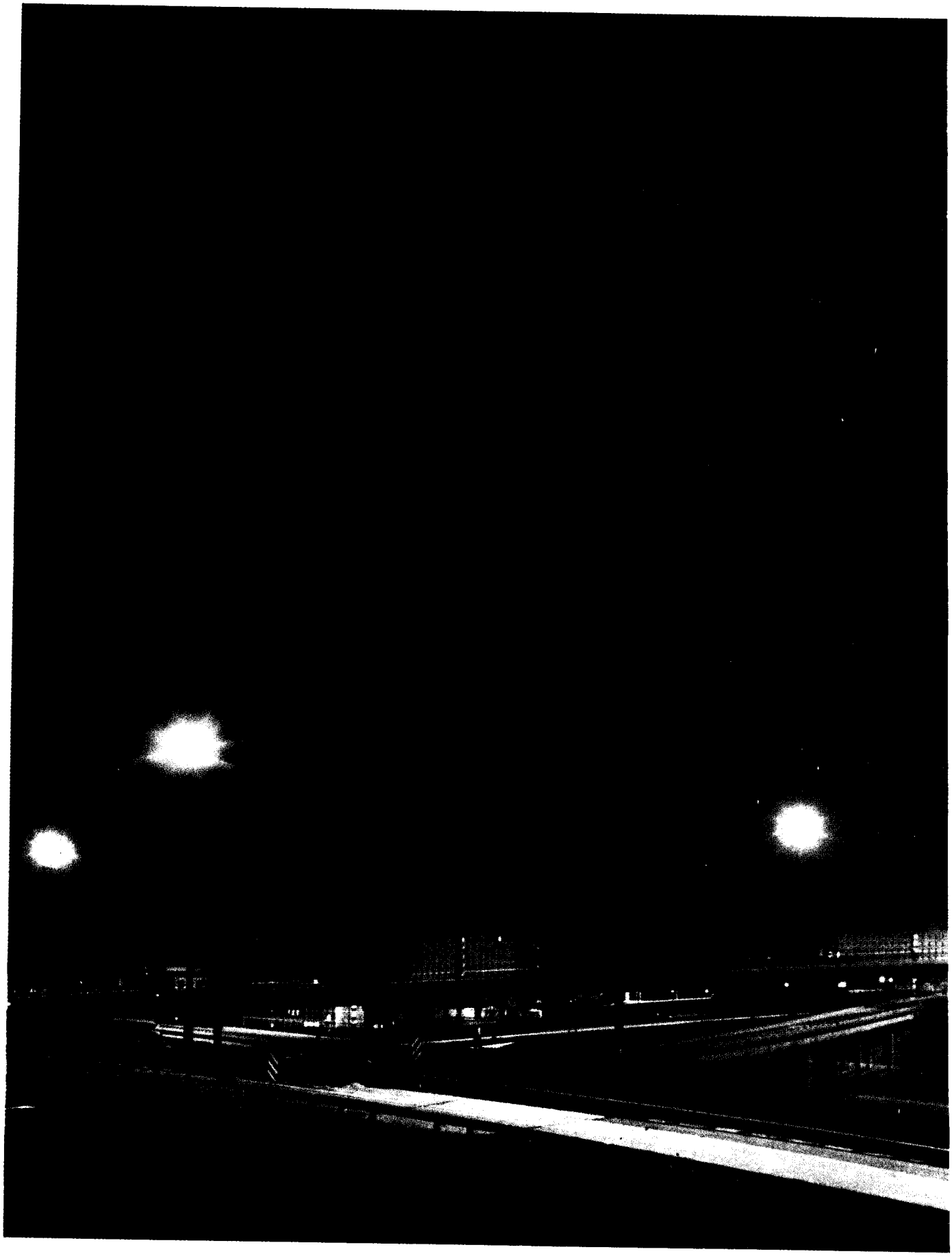

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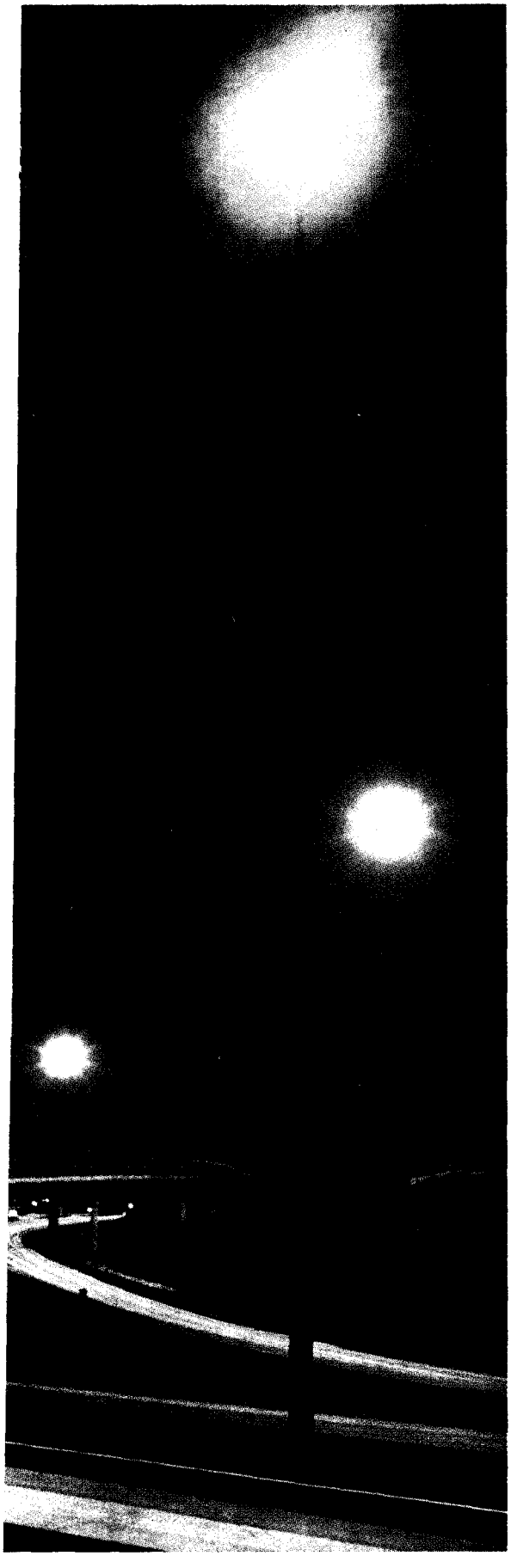

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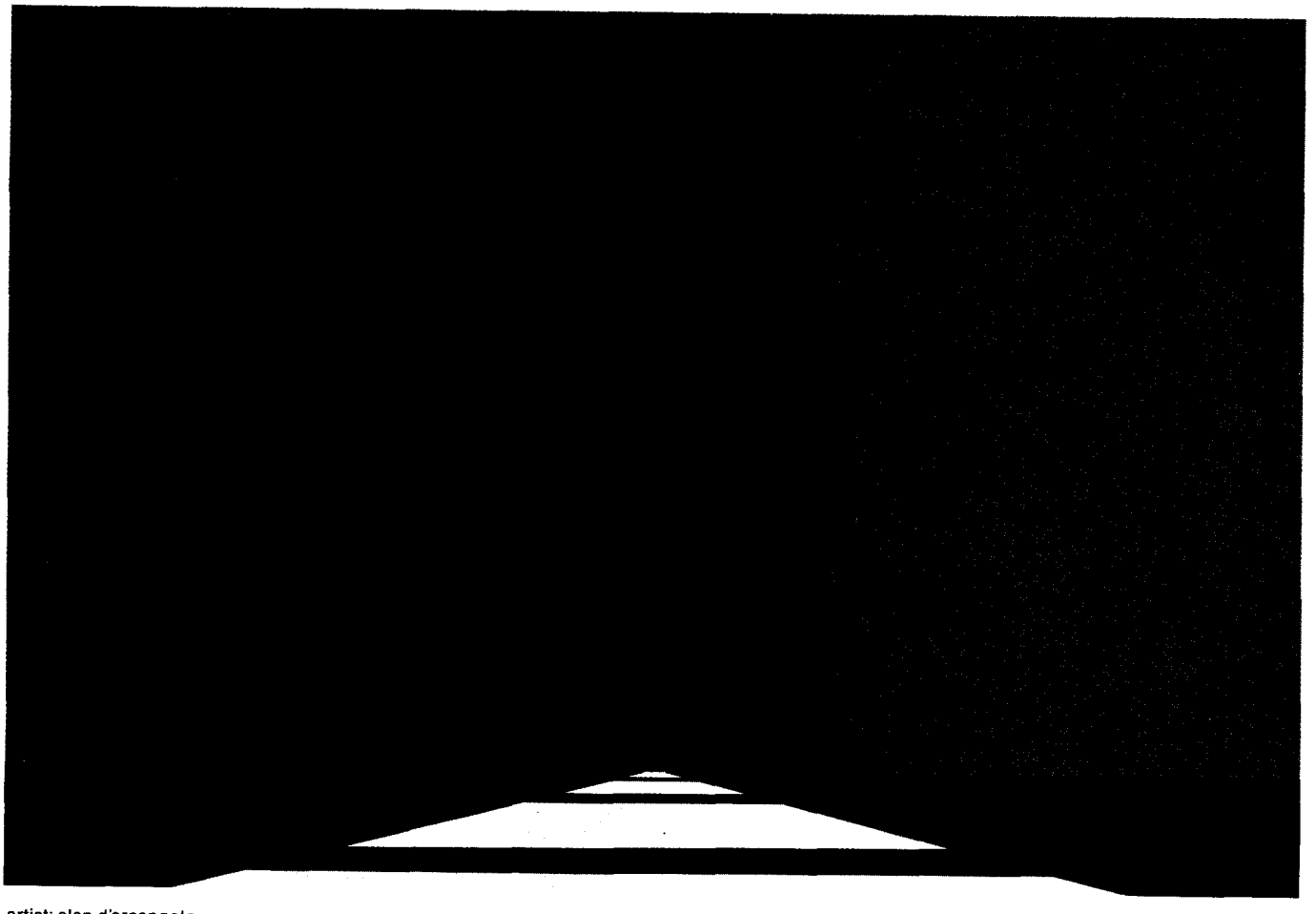

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By Warren Hinckle

Scott Newhall of the Chronicle*—a journalistic P. T. Barnum*

John Osborne, the British playwright, once said that you should never believe in mirrors or newspapers. The truth is, I think, that they are both a little bit cracked. You are not likely to get an argument on that point, at least as to newspapers, from newspapermen. I know that because, during the Camelot years of the early 1960s, I earned my daily bread as a reporter for the *San Francisco Chronicle* and, after work, joined in the nightly round table of self-criticism that is the vespers of the drinking press the country over.

Some of the stories we told on ourselves were, in restrospect, shocking—such as the unwritten rule for reporting automobile fatalities after 11 p.m. (If the victim was black, forget it.) Others were merely amusing, in the old *Front Page* tradition of the high madness and Brobdingnagian foibles of big-city journalism.

But, taken together, such stories are, in a curious way, important, since they add up to a more realistic picture of what goes on inside the daily paper than one might gather from the popular critiques of the press by such instant theorists as Marshall McLuhan and Spiro T. Agnew.

In 1962 daily journalism was still a competitive enterprise in San Francisco. The independent *Chronicle* and the Hearst *Examiner* were slugging it out for the city's breakfast table readership. The *Chronicle* was generally known as a liberal newspaper. Yet its liberalism was, as is most liberalism, schizophrenic. While the paper's Republican ownership consistently endorsed GOP candidates for all offices save dog catcher (that position not being elective in San Francisco), the reporters, many of whom were refugees from the eastern Establishment who would suffer anything short of hemophilia to live in San Francisco, were allowed relative freedom to attempt to write the other side in the news columns.

The *Examiner*, on the other hand, was paranoid. Still coasting on circulation gains achieved during Hearst's promotion of what became the Spanish-American War, the paper generally read like the house organ of the fallout-shelter industry. There were other telling differences, the women's pages of the two dailies providing perhaps the sharpest contrast. The *Examiner's* women's pages ran helpful household hints, bulletins about parish Bingo games (illegal but then sacrosanct in San Francisco), and formal photographs of Irish Catholic virgins in page-boy haircuts and junior prom décolletages who were about to commit the sacrament of matrimony. The *Chronicle's* were filled with Paris and New York fashions, lengthy descriptions of the vacation plans of publisher Charles de Young Theriot's friends and neighbors, and sycophantic reports on the high jinks of San Francisco society, which was almost entirely Protestant and Jewish. The fact that a man presided over the *Chronicle's* women's section was slightly more than the monumental manifestation of male chauvinism it would appear. City-room legend had it that the lengthy chain of succession of male women's-page editors had originated some years back when the last female women's editor splashed across the top of her Sunday section an eight-column headline that read: THE BACHELORS ARE BACK WITH THEIR WONDERFUL BALLS! (The *Chronicle's* women's section has recently been liberated and is run by women again, but the

Warren Hinckle is the former editor of Ramparts *and the short-lived* Scanlan's *magazine. He lives in San Francisco and is writing his memoirs,* If You Have a Lemon, Make Lemonade, *from which this article has been excerpted. Putnam's will publish the book this summer.*

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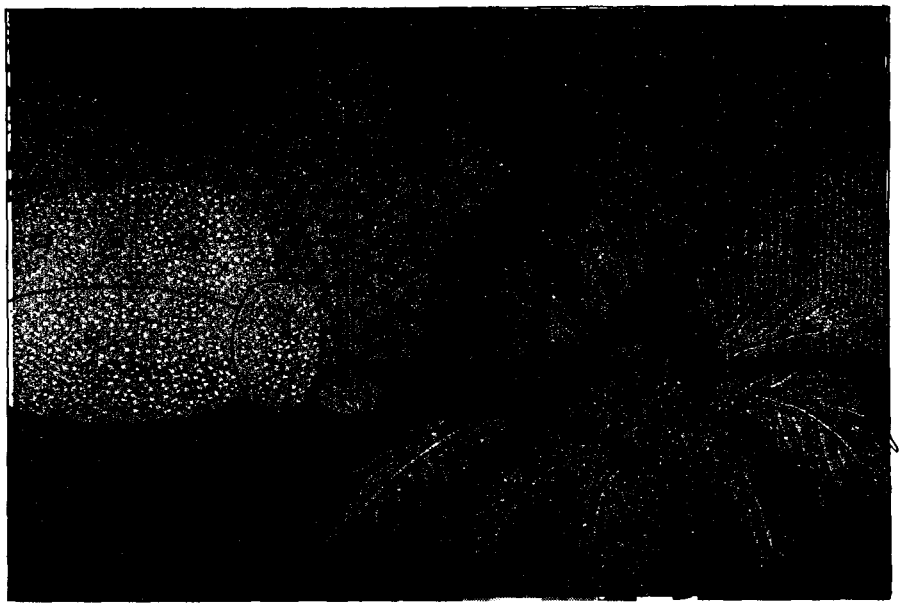

Bud Boyd of the Chronicle*—the "Last Man on Earth"*

section's name has been changed to just plain "People.")

The *Examiner*'s slow-motion fall from circulation grace during the late Fifties was due in part to the fact that the *Chronicle*, by virtue of its comparative sophistication and sheer deviltry, gradually became the San Francisco paper read by the burgeoning suburbs. More specifically, it was due to the P. T. Barnumship of *Chronicle* editor Scott Newhall, a crusading journalist with a magnificent sense of the bizarre.

Newhall's operating assumption was that, since most readers got the news from television or other journals, they wanted something different to read over their Wheaties. So he filled the *Chronicle* with the comments, social notes, and opinions of more than twenty signed columnists. Newhall bought syndicated columns the way independent television stations buy up reruns of *The Beverly Hillbillies* and *Star Trek*. But the syndicated types were only a minor act in a daily Disneyland of local features that included a Dear Abby–type column for pet owners and the dribbling ministrations of "Count Marco," a former hairdresser named Henry Spinelli, whom Newhall perversely elevated to phony royalty and whose daily bill of fare on the women's page ranged from bitchy advice on the grooming of armpits to such connubial tips as that wives should take baths with their husbands. [For the inventive count's detailed instructions on the ladylike way to climb into a bathtub while the lady's husband is watching, see page 49.]

Much of the news that Newhall used to plug the remaining open space between the ads was of his own invention. He once dispatched George Draper, an urbane and witty reporter with a drawl that defied description as either Southern or Colonial British, to Africa to do a series of front-page articles on the plans of a tiny republic to launch a space rocket powered by a giant rubber band. Another Newhall concoction was a front-page series about a Southern California man who had started a society to clothe "naked animals."

One of Newhall's grandest schemes backfired mightily. In June of 1960 the *Chronicle* started publishing a heavily promoted front-page series called "The Last Man on Earth," consisting of dispatches from the middle of nowhere by the paper's hunting and fishing columnist, a mild-mannered man named Bud Boyd. Nobody thought to ask how Boyd's dramatic stories of daily survival were getting back to civilization and into type—nobody, that is, but Ed Montgomery, an *Examiner* newshound of the old *Front Page* tradition. Smelling a rat, Montgomery backpacked into the Sierras, sniffing Boyd's trail. His devotion to investigative journalism was such that, upon coming on two human turds near a cold campsite that Montgomery deduced (from other evidence) had been Boyd's, he is said to have scooped them up to take to the nearest town for scientific evaluation. Montgomery elatedly phoned his city desk to report that traces of canned corn had been discovered in the remains of the "last man on earth." His scoop proved bigger still when he traced the last man's trail to Boyd's home just outside San Francisco, where the last man on earth was comfortably grinding out the suspenseful tales of his fight for survival that were appearing daily under banner headlines in the *Chronicle*. Montgomery sat down to his typewriter. The next morning the *Chronicle* appeared with a hugely headlined account of the last man's narrow escape from a killer bear, and the *Examiner* appeared with a similarly hugely headlined exposé of the last man as a faker who was sending dispatches from the wilderness of his living room.

Newhall then did just about the only thing a nervy person can do under such circumstances. Ignoring the angry crowds, rumored to have been recruited by the *Examiner*, that milled in front of the Chronicle building, and paying no attention to the hoots and hollers of commentators throughout the country, he continued to run Boyd's articles as if nothing untoward had occurred. A week after the truth was out, the series ended with the admission by the last man on earth that the wilderness had defeated him and that he was retreating to civilization. Newhall said he had planned it that way all along.

Except for this brief foray into scatogenic deduction, Montgomery stuck to the more traditional journalistic field of red baiting. A large man with a bulky hearing aid strapped to one ear and a ballpoint pen clipped to his shirt pocket, Montgomery feasted on the good red meat of subversives and radicals. With pipelines into police intelligence units around the country and friends in high places among the compulsive newspaper clippers at the House Un-American Activities Committee, he would on occasion journey to Washington to testify before that body on matters of peril to the nation. If Montgomery was left in a slough of despondency when at the end of the Fifties the red peril slunk off, he became a young man in love on the first day of spring when the Sixties brought to the Bay Area first the Black Panthers and later the basement infernal-machine shops of left-wing bombers. Occasionally his preoccupations led him to a good story. It was Montgomery who in 1971 found Black Panther leader Huey Newton padded down in a luxury penthouse on the shores of Oakland's Lake Merritt that afforded a fabulous view of the slums wherein his people dwelled.*

I viewed Montgomery's journalistic tribalism with a bemused historical detachment and found him a pleasant enough fellow to have an occasional drink with while exchanging newspaper gossip and nonpolitical stories about city politics. This practice I continued during the years I was editing *Ramparts*, since the New Left politics of

*Newton's living conditions were, of course, of intense interest to gossips of Left and Right alike. Stung by Montgomery's exclusive, the *Chronicle* dispatched a reporter with New Left sympathies to negotiate a follow-up story from the Panther leadership. Whether it was the price of the interview or just plain gullibility, the *Chronicle* carried a front-page story the next morning that gave the official Panther line on Newton's luxurious habitat. The Panther leader

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the magazine had no effect on my drinking habits and I continued to frequent my favorite right-wing bars. This horrified my New Left friends and acquaintances. They thought it was bad enough that I drank in the company of cops, let alone with Ed Montgomery, whom they considered a horrible Hearst monster with the blood of innocent leftists still dripping from his fangs.

One day I was standing in Cookie Picetti's Kearney Street bar, bending elbows with the usual clientele of off-duty police inspectors, bail bondsmen, on-duty postmen, and the like, when Montgomery walked in. He pulled me aside and warned me to be wary of the dangerous company I was keeping at *Ramparts*. "A lot of those people are on the lists," he said. Montgomery was particularly wary of Bob Scheer, a bearded Berkeleyite and national New Left leader who was a colleague and a close friend of mine. I began telling Ed that Scheer was completely harmless and wouldn't hurt a fly, that he preferred eating in Northern Chinese restaurants to attending cell meetings, and that his most subversive indulgence that I had knowledge of was soaking in the bathtub for hours while reading the want ads to compare the prices of used Saabs. Then I noticed that the Hearst reporter was looking at me with the same strange gaze I got from Scheer whenever I explained to him that Montgomery was really an all-right guy but just a little hung up on the bloodlust of the Fifties.

I gave up, shrugged, thanked Ed for the warning, and told Cookie to set up a round for all the cops in the house.

The only person, revolutionary or conservative, I've known who had the sense of humor or perspective to understand the apolitical nature of watering places was Eldridge Cleaver. I once took him into Cookie's. He loved the place. He especially got a kick out of drinking in a joint that had a sign on the wall that read THANK GOD FOR THE TAC SQUAD (short for Tactical Squad, an infamous flying squadron of San Francisco police who chased and clubbed political protesters with observably greater zeal than they showed in pursuit of burglars). Cleaver said that people at *Ramparts* wondered why I drank only in right-wing bars but were afraid to ask. I asked Cleaver if he had ever heard of a good left-wing bar, and, that issue settled, we had another beer. But I digress.

Ed Montgomery's menagerie of menaces notwithstanding, the *Chronicle*'s Disneyland brand of journalism won the circulation war in the early Sixties. My own modest contribution to that victory came from Oakland, where I was counting broken noses. The Oakland police beat was the Siberia of San Francisco journalism. Tough city editors sent tender young reporters there to age a bit in the barrel of degeneracy that was the Oakland press room. Oakland duty meant nothing interesting to do, nowhere to go, no stories to cover, and no bylines. Even worse, in the Ivy League mentality of the *Chronicle* editorial staff, it meant having to hang around the gang of bindle stiffs and drunks who inhabited the Oakland press room, which was said to be one of the last of the rotten boroughs of American journalism.

It was all of that, and I found it a lovely place. The press room, number 107, was on the ground floor of the Oakland City Hall, a stubby building of cookie-mold architecture and WPA esthetics, atop which was grafted an ornate tower suggestive of some design rejected by medieval guildsmen as insufficient to reflect the grandeur of God. The back door of 107 opened onto the carbon monoxide of the police garage. (At the rear of the garage a rattling elevator led up to the second-floor evidence room, where partly consumed bottles of impounded liquor were at times available to the press. On the next floor was the rabbit-warren jail.)

The inhabitants of the press room were of a breed defying classification within the standard levels of purgatory and hell. The baby of the police beat, Bob Popp, had been on the job a mere fifteen years, which was what ex-cons of my acquaintance would refer to as Ping-Pong time compared to the length of the tours of duty of the elders. The king of the press room was Augie Sairanen, the "bureau chief" of the *Chronicle*'s one-man (Augie) Oakland bureau. The title was not without authority.

Augie had been covering politics in Oakland since almost the time of Jack London, and he was infinitely wise in the worldly ways of that poor boy city. A friendly man of Shakespearean loquacity, with a frame sufficiently large to carry his stomach around, he wore yellow shirts and spectacular bow ties and seemed always to have a cigarette dangling from his mouth. His bright blue eyes twinkled from a round face that was not so much flushed as a constant, cheery, Valentine's Day pink. Every morning Augie went over the *Chronicle* like a jeweler looking for dust in a Swiss watch. He was searching for some error in fact or interpretation in the news stories he had dic-

was forced to reside in such capitalistic quarters, the *Chronicle* story quoted Newton as saying, because the Panthers were a democratic organization. Overriding Huey's vote, the central committee had decided that Huey must stay there since the luxury apartment building provided the best available security conditions, including a two-way TV hookup to the penthouse to scrutinize visitors. What was secure enough for rich, old white ladies was secure enough for Huey.

How to Avoid Looking Like a Torn Blimp as You Enter the Tub

(The following advice on how a woman should share the bathtub with her husband appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle *in the late 1950s and was written by "Count Marco," a* Chronicle *feature writer. It is an illustration, says our author, of the "competitive standards of big-city" journalism in the United States.)*

There is an art to bathing, just as there is an art to undressing. You don't just wander into the bathroom stark naked with folds of happy-home-life fat dangling all over the place. You wear a robe into the bathroom, and while he stands there devouring you with his eyes, you turn your back to him and let the robe slip gently to the floor like a perfumed breeze. (Always perfume before a bath, as well as after.)

And mind you, this is no time to bend over and test the temperature of the water. Don't offer to his horrified eyes the ungainly posturings of a bare bottom that will only remind him of a torn blimp struggling through a storm. You want to be able to step in without a lot of caterwauling about how hot it is while you diddle with the faucets. So pretest the water for warmth. Step daintily into the tub.

Once in the tub, stand momentarily like the girl in the painting "September Morn." Your shoulders should be hunched slightly forward, arms and hands crossed in coverings of pure modesty. Even if it gets a laugh (which it probably will, if he hasn't by then fallen down hysterically), you will be getting him in the mood.

Lower yourself gradually into the water. Don't just plop and hit the water like a baby whale playing belly floppies.

Naturally, your tub is always filled with the romantic cascading of bubbles that will cover you right up to your neck. Then it is his turn to get into the tub. He'll of course have his own techniques for this, having watched you. It should enthrall you, and no doubt will.

Think how pleasant it will be, stretched out side by side, chattering softly away about life and love and things, as the water swallows all your problems. The hour is late, and you both relax your cares and troubles away, knowing that under all those bubbles you have each other.

Pass the soap, dear.

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tated to *Chronicle* rewritemen the day before, and he knew, the way he knew that rivers run downhill, that he would find something wrong. When he found the inevitable mistake, he would snap up the hot line to the *Chronicle* city desk across the Bay. If the perceived error was inconsequential, Augie would start to bellow as if the editor on the other end of the phone had just run over his daughter. If, however, he had found a real blunder, he would begin with mock courtesy, inquiring into the weather and the health of friends and relations, proceed to some ambiguous compliments about the quality of the newspaper that morning, and then suddenly unleash his terrible thunderbolt at that day's stupidity, its manifest consequences of embarrassment, libel suits, and community contempt. He would normally conclude the conversation by banging down the receiver and then deliver a spirited oration about the miscreant ancestry of the man he had just hung up on. That accomplished, Augie would go off to lunch or some civic function to collect all the dirt about Oakland that the *Chronicle* would never see fit to print.

Augie decided when the time of day had arrived to send out for a bottle of whiskey, preferably ninety proof Yellowstone bourbon, which was ritually consumed before the shrine of the water cooler in straight shots from tiny paper cups, to be chased by a slug of water drunk from the same cup, as Augie did not approve of waste. Augie was generally credited with having conceived the most important and most productive activity in the press room—to wit, the laborious unfolding, sheet by sheet, of the many editions of all the daily newspapers and the subsequent process of meticulously laying them flat in great white piles on the otherwise unused desks. Augie would judge when a pile was sufficient to be securely tied with string and stacked on the floor with its fellows. This enterprise took precedence over everything save sleeping and the occasional gathering of news—and for good reason. Augie had arranged to sell the flat sheets to wholesale florists, who used them to wrap flowers, and the proceeds went into a fund for the purchase of drinking alcohol.

The acknowledged chaplain of the press room was Ed Dougery, a charming rogue of a *Chronicle* reporter who was said to be Roman Catholic and to once attend Mass with Monty Wooley.

The other crime reporters were characters out of a discarded chapter of *Catch-22*. The *Examiner's* daytime watch over urban crime was manned by Walter Crowley, a somewhat cranky man with a shock of white hair who seemed to spend half his time calling home to see if his wife had sneaked out and gone shopping on him. That newspaper's night watch was maintained by George Erickson, a lumbering Swede who represented all that was Oakland about the Oakland police beat. Known variously as George, "Swede," and "Eric," he wore green shirts and creased brown gabardine slacks as if they were a uniform. Every afternoon he arrived at the press room carrying the same lunch: a large tin of pickled herring and a half-dozen bottles of potent home brew, which he had bottled in used ginger ale bottles.

George was the most devoted among us to the cause of flattening newspapers. The Swede would start in on the day's stack of papers as soon as he had hung up his coat. Flattening them at an even, efficient pace, frequently wetting his thumb to get better traction on the newsprint, he continued for approximately three hours straight, stopping only to answer the telephone or the call of nature or to toss down a slug of bourbon with his colleagues. (When on occasion I or some other guardian of the public's right to know desired to leave the press room premises for an evening, protocol had it that we would clear with George, who was always the anchor man, then purchase a pint of Old Yellowstone, have one or two sips with him, then leave the bottle with him and go off about our mischief, checking in periodically during the night by telephone in the unlikely event that any news had occurred, in which case George would give the details so we could call the story to our city desk from wherever we might be in the province of dalliance.)

After he had unfolded sufficient papers to ensure a leg up on the whiskey fund, George would settle himself at a desk and eat his pickled herring and begin sipping at his home brew, which he poured carefully so as not to disturb the sediment in the bottle. He drank from a glass as big around as his hand. While thus sipping, he would begin the laborious process of reading the final edition of the *Oakland Tribune*, a newspaper so bereft of content that it normally required more time to read the comics than the remainder of the paper. After two to three hours of going through the *Tribune*, line by line, sip after sip, George laid his head down on the desk to nap. He was not disturbed except in the event of a story. When George's shift was over, at around 2 a.m., the early man on the *Tribune* police beat would gently shake him, and George invariably would snap up his head with a snort and demand to know whether anything had "happened" while he'd been taking a nap. Other reporters took to the couches to sleep; not the Swede. He considered it somehow a violation of duty to do anything but sit there at a desk reading and rereading the newspaper until the home brew did its job. This was his routine of almost twenty years' standing.

At that time my own Irish-Catholic–provincial credentials as a white racist in good standing were in order. But my first murder story taught me that the criteria for what was a news story, and what was not, were other than what I had imagined. During my turn at dialing the telephone one evening I learned from the Oakland homicide squad that a murder had just occurred: a man had been shot to death and another was in critical condition from stab wounds in a bar brawl. I took down the bloody details and rushed across the room to awaken the veteran crime reporter for the *Examiner*, who was asleep on a couch. "There's been a murder!" I said. I suppose I sounded like a kid with his first fish on the line.

The *Examiner* man yawned and opened an eye. "Black or white?"

I said that I hadn't thought to ask.

"Well, for Chrissake, that's the first thing to find out," he said.

I called back the homicide detail and asked somewhat sheepishly what color the dead man was.

The desk sergeant said: "It was a nigger."

I told that to the *Examiner* man.

"Forget it," he said, and he went back to sleep.

I was quick to learn the full spectrum of the color code for the reporting of murders and other fatalities in Oakland in those days of the New Frontier. Whether a homicide would be reported at all depended largely upon the neighborhood in which it was committed. Ghetto murders, being regarded as natural black events, were rarely considered newsworthy. White-trash murders stood a poor to even chance of getting into the paper, the imaginatively instrumented murder being favored over the merely routine.

The unwritten guidelines for reporting fatal automobile accidents were more complicated, the rough rule of thumb being: No niggers after 11 p.m. on weekdays, 9 p.m. on Saturdays. (Fatal highway accidents were reported without regard to the color of the deceased until these home edition deadlines. To get a late story in the final editions required making changes, and apparently only white traffic deaths were considered worth the effort.) The sole exception to this rule was in the area of quantity: If two black persons died in a late evening auto crash, that event had a fair chance of making the news columns. Three dead was considered a safe number by everyone except those reporters who were known to be viciously anti-Negro. Most of us, of course, considered ourselves neutral or objective in that regard. Yet none of us questioned the professional proposition

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Ed Montgomery of the Examiner*—he relished "the good red meat of subversives"*

that the loss of a white life had more news value than the loss of a black life.

Sitting watertight in our press room, we crime reporters were likewise surrounded by the ghetto. Spying out upon what was happening like journalistic Captain Nemos, the telephone our periscope, night after night we searched that sea of poverty and degradation for the impossible: a black crime of interest to white editors.

In 1963 the municipality of Oakland built a splendid Palace of Justice, and the press room was moved—lock, stock, and flattened newspapers—into a ninth-floor air-conditioned suite of rooms with a grand view of the ghetto. The police beat was never the same again. Although many of its most engaging eccentrics remained on the job, they were fish out of water in that shiny and hairless environment, typical of those "professional" press rooms in civic headquarters across the land that are staffed by pipe-smoking graduates of journalism schools who have all the spirit of junior executives in a breakfast-cereal factory.

I fled back across the Bay to the *Chronicle* city room, where Newhall drafted me into the front lines in what proved to be the last battle of the *opéra bouffe* journalistic wars of San Francisco, as the feuding managements of the *Examiner* and *Chronicle* kissed and merged the next year.

The field of battle was Golden Gate Park, through which the state Division of Highways wanted to plant a six-lane freeway. The engineers had it all together: they would dig a giant ditch fifty feet deep through a corner of the park, build the freeway, and then replant the park over it. The only visible intrusions on the park's replanted state of nature would be exhaust pipes from the tunnel that would stick up in discreet places among the trees.

If you expect that such a proposal might be viewed with alarm, you do not know San Francisco. The city leadership, including the labor unions, Chamber of Commerce, and of course the *Examiner*, were all for it. The freeway would move cars and make jobs, and Golden Gate Park had once been a sand dune, anyway. The *Chronicle* went all out on the attack, and I found myself in the somewhat professionally compromising position of both writing stories about the monster freeway and serving as the cochairman of an independent "Citizen's Committee to Save Golden Gate Park." As the committee's work gradually took up much of my city room time, I had few moments to spare for the lesser details of newsgathering. One morning I told the day city editor, an acerbic chap named Carl Latham, that I had to take off for a few hours to speak at a press conference of the Save-the-Park Committee, and that he should send a reporter to cover it.

"We're shorthanded today," Latham said. "You're going to be there anyway; you cover it."

I told the day city editor that it was impossible for me to cover the press conference, I was *giving* the press conference. He would have no such lame excuses for not working. "Crap," he said. "You know what you're going to say. Don't tell me you're afraid of misquoting yourself."

One does not escape taxes or death or win arguments with the city desk, so I put on my two hats and went to the press conference. I made a little speech and introduced some expert witnesses to tell of the horrors the freeway would bring, and then I stepped aside to take notes dutifully for my newspaper on what they said. The *Examiner* reporter came up and asked, with genuine incredulity, just what the hell I was doing. "Covering the story," I said. "What the hell do you think I'm doing?" And that was precisely what the *Examiner* reported the next day.

The freeway battle ended in a blaze of ambiguity. It had been difficult all along, reading the newspapers, to tell if it were day or night: Freeway Ditch to Bring Giant Sandstorm, the *Chronicle* suggested; Freeway Plan Means a Little Bigger Park, a Hearst headline writer declared.

The freeway was defeated by the San Francisco Board of Supervisors, who were almost as confused as the city's newspaper readers, by one vote, 6 to 5, in favor of the *Chronicle's* version of reality.

In telling these tales of the city room, I do not mean to take the bloom off the curious rose of San Francisco journalism. All newspapers are susceptible to such reductionism, and ex-newsmen have been known to write entire books about what a screwed-up place the *New York Times* is. If anything, the San Francisco papers are no worse, are in many cases better, and certainly are more fun, than most other big-city papers. As they embody the virtues and faults of their brethren in your town, their recent history is instructive.

There once were more, and for a long time there were four dailies in San Francisco. Since 1965 there have been only two. In that banner year the *Examiner* and *Chronicle* merged, the Hearst paper suffering the indignity of giving up the morning heights that it had held since the Gold Rush era and assuming the lowly posture of afternoon publication. As a lagniappe, the *Examiner* staff got to edit the news section of a combined Sunday edition, a journalistic hermaphrodite, insanely part *Examiner*, part *Chronicle*, in no recognizable proportions, a thing of five arms, one leg, and three heads that lands with a groan on doorsteps Sunday mornings and has the appearance of having just survived an automobile accident.

When I say the papers merged, I should note that is not the official explanation, which is that only the printing, advertising, and distribution functions have merged—into one company, unromantically called the San Francisco Newspaper Printing Company, in which the Hearst and *Chronicle* interests share everything, including the money—but that the two newspapers it publishes remain separate and fiercely competitive editorial entities.

One person who did not buy that argument was Scott Newhall, who hung on for a few years after the merger, marking time with his wooden leg, and then quit the *Chronicle*, under less than hail-fellow-well-met circumstances. The San Francisco Newspaper Printing Company is said to have sent him a bill for the use of his executive parking space during his term of office. □

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HOW FRED ANDREW TILLS THE SOIL WITH A COMPUTER

The new American farmer—computerized, mechanized, heavily financed, and ever larger—is rapidly obliterating the mythic American image of the small, family farmer. A prototype of the new breed is Fred Andrew, president of the Superior Farming Company.

BY DICK HUBERT
AND
PETER HAUCK

Dick Hubert is executive producer of the Urban America Documentary Unit of Westinghouse Broadcasting Company, whose television program on agriculture, ". . . And the Rich Shall Inherit the Earth," appeared recently. Peter Hauck is an assistant editor of SR of The Society.

"It is to the true-hearted and independent yeoman of a nation that we look. . . . It can scarcely be denied that agricultural enterprise, the basis of every form of human pursuit, should be encouraged as the safe-guard of a country, the promoter of its virtue, and the solid foundation of its permanent happiness and most lasting independence."

Article in *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine and Commercial Review*, September 1841

"I think as you travel around and look at our operation, you'll see that we are a business."

Fred W. Andrew, president, Superior Farming Company, January 1973

Fred Andrew is forty-six years old, solidly built, and has neatly trimmed, graying hair. He rises at about 5:30 every morning in his four-bedroom ranch-style house near a country-club golf course, does twenty minutes of exercise—running in place, pushups—eats a large breakfast, and then drives his company Mercury to his office.

There, in a walnut-paneled room on a small reddish-yellow sea of wall-to-wall acrylic carpeting, at an immaculately uncluttered teakwood desk, flanked by family photographs, two telephones, a radio-telephone and an intercom, Andrew reads the *Wall Street Journal* and then launches into his day's work. This amounts largely to more reading—of reports from his department heads, computer printouts, technical journals, etc.—and to attending meetings and conferring on his telephones. Occasionally he will drive out to his nearest production areas; once every week or ten days he boards the company twin-engine Beechcraft Duke turboprop to visit a distant subsidiary.

Fred Andrew has said: "You have to be an individual who is not self-oriented. This has to be a 'we' operation. This is what we look for, and this is what we have."

Such are the routines, paraphernalia, and philosophy of the modern manager, all quite unextraordinary—except that Fred Andrew embodies a venerable heritage that in popular mythology could not be further from the modern manager: He is a farmer.

If Andrew looks and acts more like a businessman—and he decidedly does—it is because today's farmer is becoming more and more businesslike. The farmer as independent yeoman, more or less self-sufficient, tilling the soil, reaping the harvest, at peace with his God, at home in his white clapboard farmhouse, this persistent folk hero of a persistent pastoral legendry, is rapidly fading from the countryside and is being replaced by Fred Andrew—farmer as agribusinessman.

Andrew himself is the president of the Superior Farming Company, a wholly owned subsidiary of the Superior Oil Company of Houston, Texas. Andrew's "farm" resembles the farm of popular idealization no more than Andrew does the farmer. It is better described as an agricultural enterprise. Its fields and orchards are scattered over some 700 miles and two states. Most of its holdings lie near either Fresno or Bakersfield in California's San Joaquin Valley, which runs between the Pacific Coast Range to the west and the Sierra Nevada to the east and which is probably the world's most fecund

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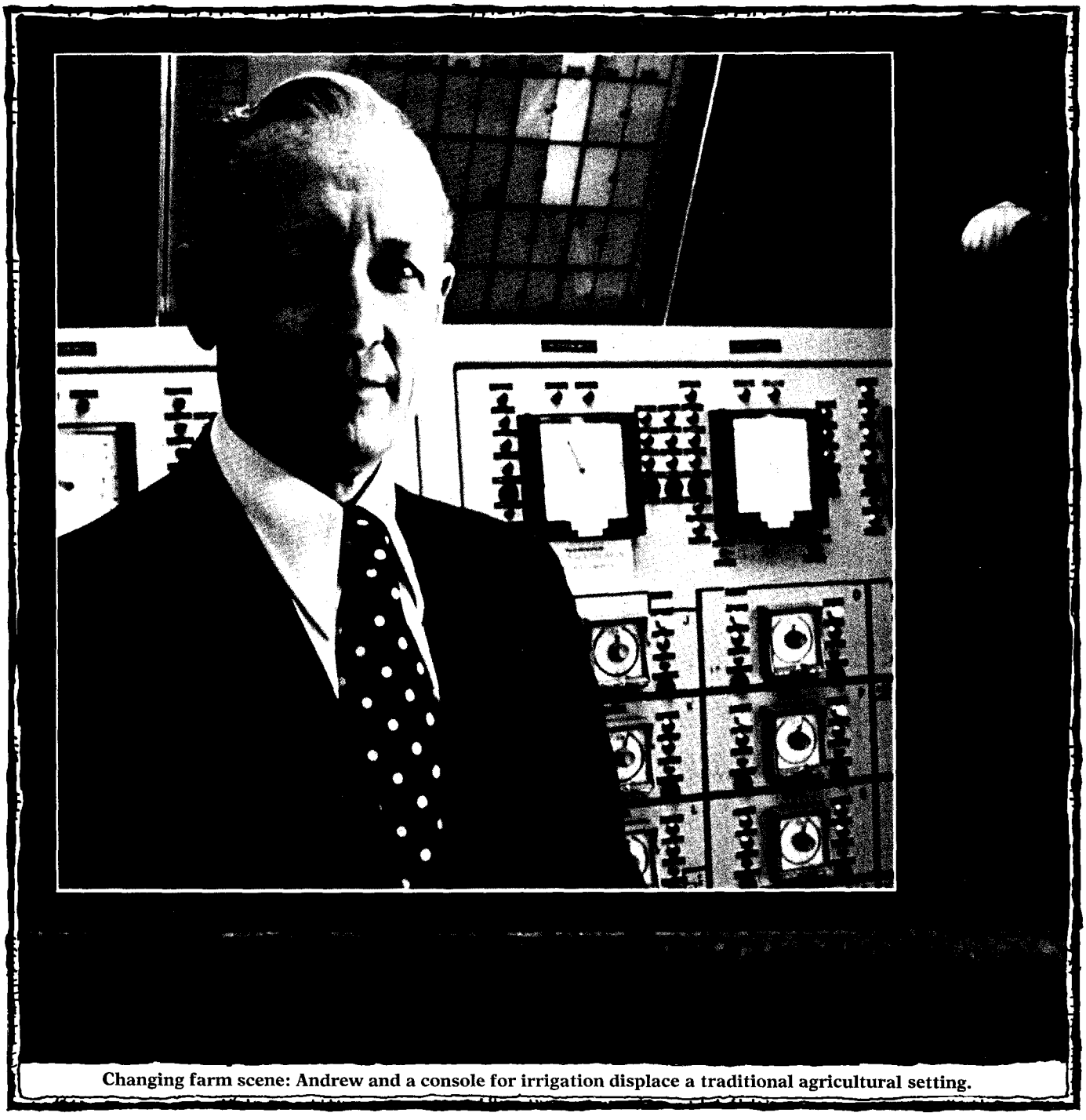

Changing farm scene: Andrew and a console for irrigation displace a traditional agricultural setting.

area. (Farm land sells here for real estate developer prices of up to $5,000 an acre.) Other Superior Farming Company land lies farther south beyond the Tehachapi Mountains, which form the southern end of the San Joaquin Valley. Superior also owns an experimental agricultural operation in Tucson.

On these scattered holdings Superior produces twenty-six different crops, most of them fruit—almonds, apples, apricots, avocados, a variety of citrus fruits, figs, grapes (for both eating and making wine), kiwis, nectarines, olives, peaches, pistachios, plums, and prunes. In addition, the company is one of the country's main suppliers of nursery stock for wine grapes. To help plant, tend, and harvest its production, Superior maintains a fleet of fifteen radio-equipped automobiles, fifty-eight pick-up trucks, and no fewer than seventy-one tractors, and it employs some of the most sophisticated irrigation methods in the world, including watering systems controlled out of centralized electronic consoles. To help run its operations, Superior employs some 387 men and women full time (they get Blue Cross and paid vacations) and up to 650 at peak seasons.

In gross dimensions the company embraces some 15,000 acres and is worth upwards of $40 million in land and equipment, dimensions that place Superior very much in the forefront of American agriculture. For the average-sized farm in the United States has more than doubled in the last three decades, from 167 acres to close to 400, and the number of farms has shrunk in the same period, from 6.3 million to less than half that number. And this trend toward bigger and fewer farms is expected to continue apace and even intensify in the years ahead. A recent study done at Iowa State University estimates that around 700,000 farms, mostly smaller ones, will disappear over the next seven years and of those that remain, a third will account for nearly 90 per cent of all farm income by 1980; average net incomes of better than $55,000 per farm are seen as possible.

At least as significant as increasing size is increasing mechanization and rationalization down on the American

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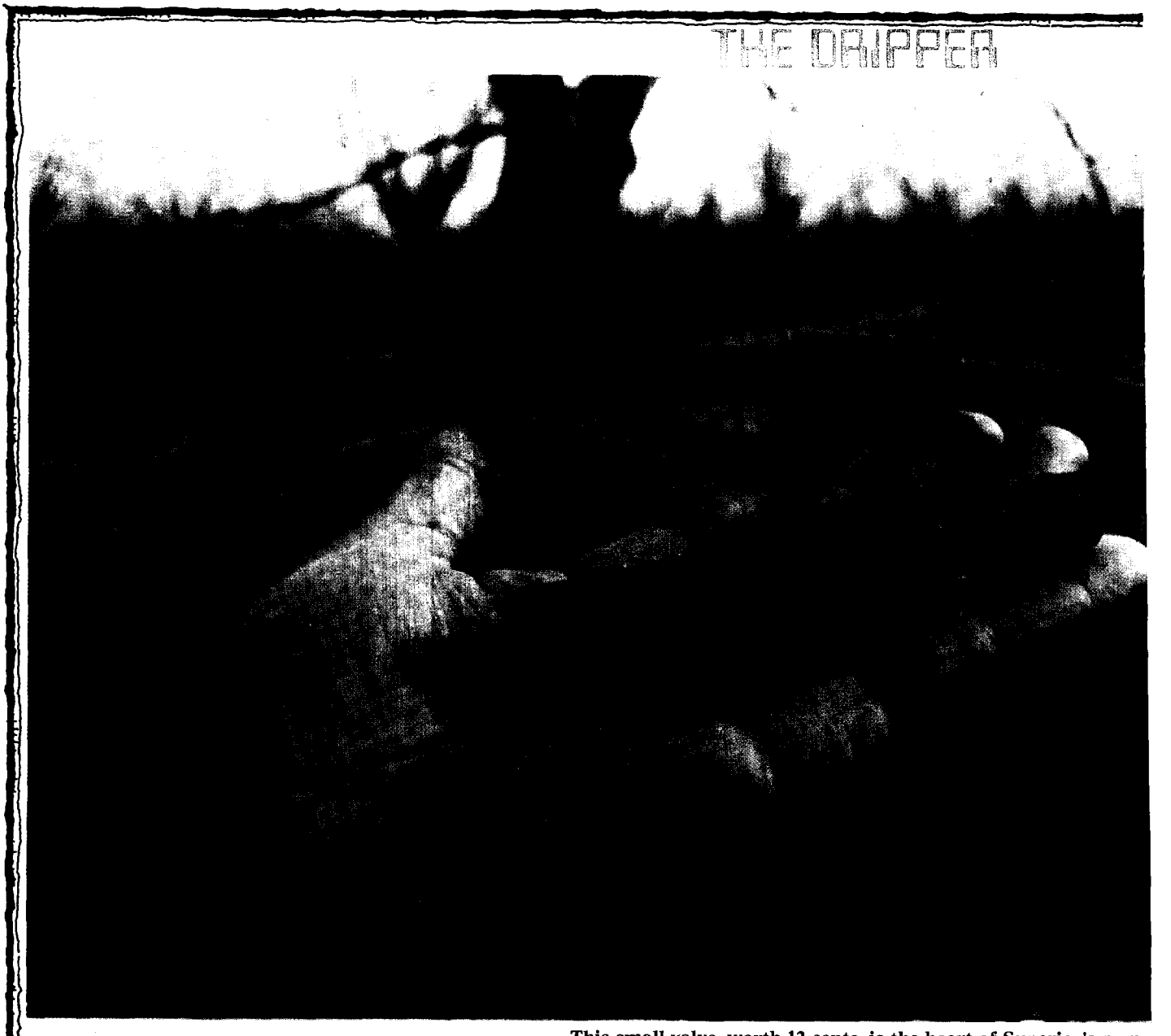

This small valve, worth 12 cents, is the heart of Superior's new irrigation systems, which altogether will cost upwards of $2.2 million. One or more drippers lie near the base of each plan or tree and emit a slow trickle, an Israeli technique that uses substantially less water than traditional irrigation methods.

farm—the application to agriculture of the elegant technologies and managerial systems and principles that have come to characterize nearly all other American industries. Fred Andrew and Superior Farming, we found during recent visits, very much epitomize these developments, too; they unquestionably represent the wave of agriculture's wondrous future or—in some eyes—are participating in the mournful burial of its Jeffersonian past.

Andrew's and Superior's headquarters is housed in a low, Southern California modern, cement- and stucco-sided, metal-roofed structure bearing the company colors—dune-beige and burnt orange. The headquarters is located on a typical southwestern industrial boulevard, flat and dusty, not far from the Pizza Villes and Howdy Houses and the one- and two-story pastel buildings that make up downtown Bakersfield, California. The offices are, significantly, twenty miles from Superior's nearest fields. While farm offices have traditionally been located on the farms themselves, often consisting of little more than a corner of the farm owner's home, there is no more reason for an operation like Superior's to have its headquarters where its production is than does, say, a cement manufacturer. In fact, there is good reason for not having its offices in the agricultural areas, Andrew explains; being closer to town makes it easier to hire and hold on to clerical workers, upon whom the new agriculture depends as much as it does on field hands.

Fred Andrew—he introduces himself with a firm handshake—is tall and tieless. He wears a short-sleeved white shirt, corduroy trousers, and clean, well-polished boots. His hands are large and wrinkled, his thin face ruddy, weathered. He carries the imprint of a life spent largely in the outdoor West. But Andrew has a certain urbanity about him, too, and considering that most farmers have probably been the sons of farmers, it was interesting—and probably significant in terms of the new agriculture—to find later that Andrew's father and grandfather, far from being progenitors of the soil, were both New York attorneys and that Andrew himself

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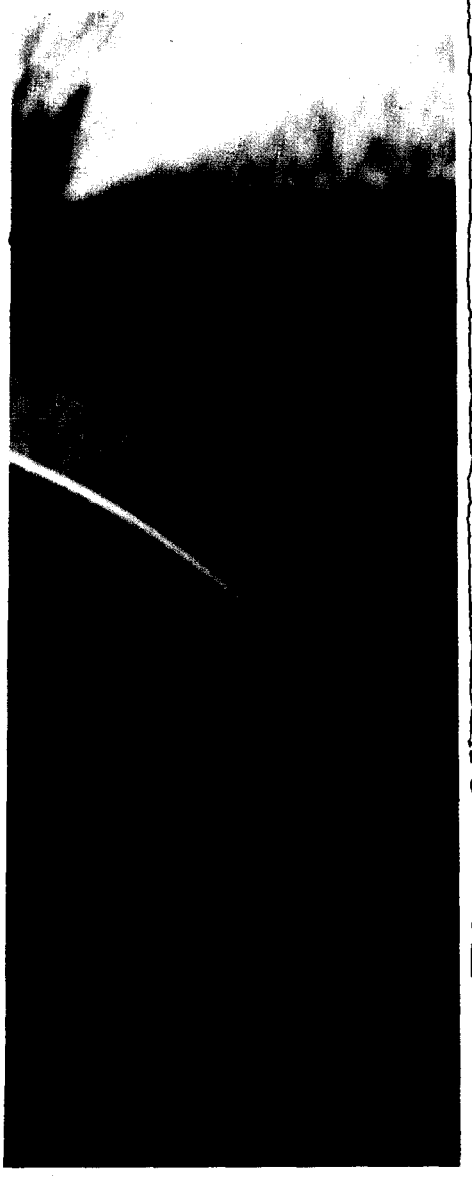

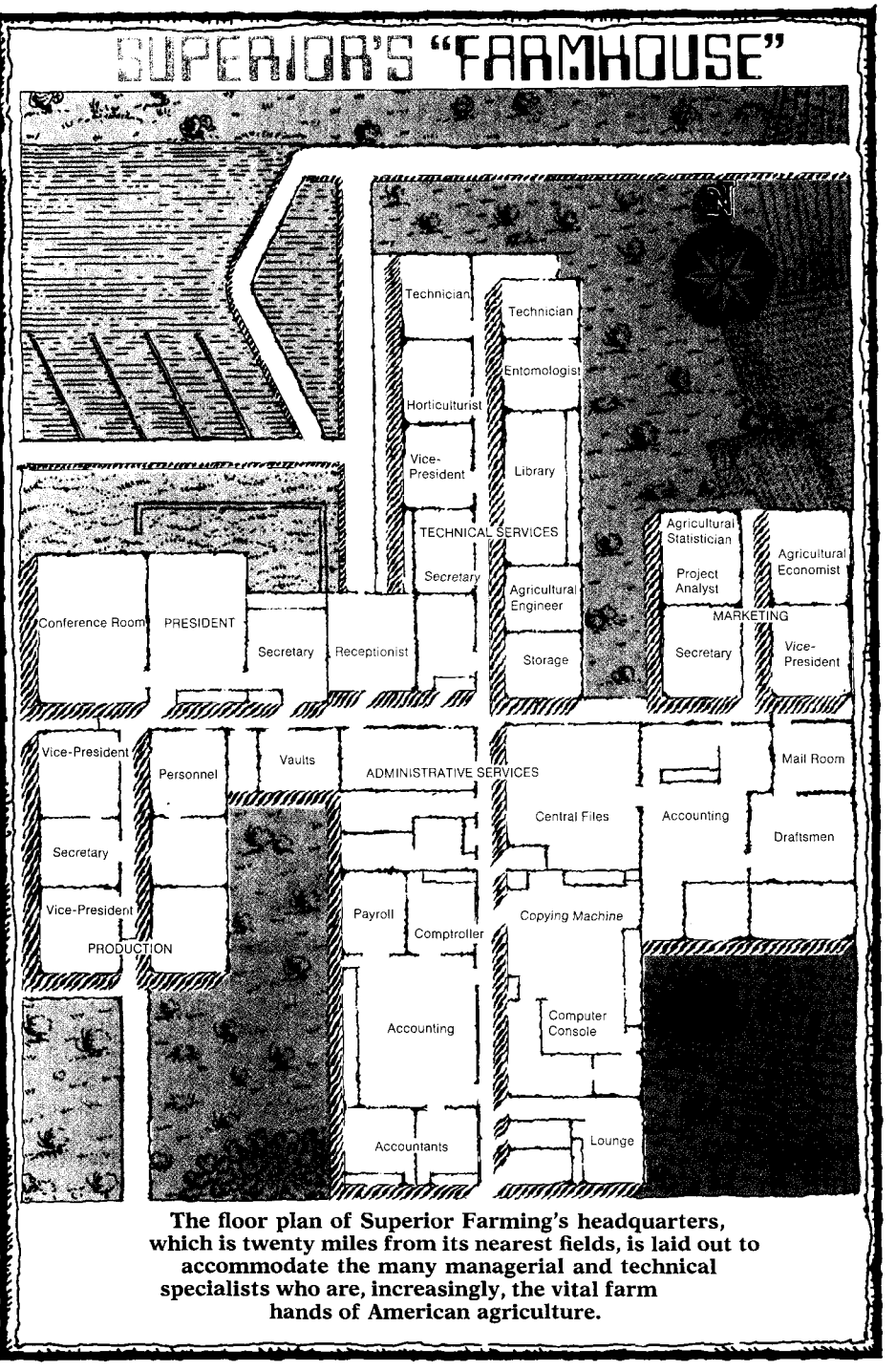

The floor plan of Superior Farming's headquarters, which is twenty miles from its nearest fields, is laid out to accommodate the many managerial and technical specialists who are, increasingly, the vital farm hands of American agriculture.

grew up in Great Neck, Long Island.

"Today's farm is a sophisticated factory, more so than most of the production factories in the United States," Fred Andrew explains, in what is evidently a well-rehearsed catechism of the new agriculture. "Our farms are run as businesses, and we're producing food on a field assembly line." Andrew gave us tours, first of the business side, later of the assembly lines.

In the company conference room, Andrew pointed out Superior land on a relief map that covered most of one wall. The company's holdings are marked by white pinheads, with the main cluster along Interstate 99 north of Bakersfield. Each of the pins represents a "ranch," as farms are generally called west of the Rockies. The ranches range up to 1,000 acres in size, and each is headed by a "foreman," who answers to a "superintendent," who oversees a number of ranches and answers to Andrew's production chief, who answers to Andrew. The ranches all have numbers—"Twenty-eight," "Fourteen," "Sixty-five" are domains of the new agriculture. The numbers are headings, too, on computer readouts that come out of the parent company's IBM 370 in Houston, which is fed by a console in Bakersfield. Every month, Andrew explains, a computerized report is drawn up analyzing variables by ranch and also, in a separate set of calculations, by crop. One sheet that Andrew shows contains a bewildering array of figures for such factors as fertilization, irrigation, cultivation, tree replacement, insect control, equipment costs, and harvesting and hulling.

The new agriculture—Andrew asserts it several times—clearly differs from the old in the large amount of planning and analysis that goes into it, and as a tool for these broadening managerial functions the computer has become as vital to modern, large-scale farming as the plow. "The computer," he says, "is the only way I can operate. There's no way I can keep the vast amount of information I need in my head." At one point in our discussions Andrew speaks of a large parcel of land that he is considering buying part of and says that basic to his pondering is a computer

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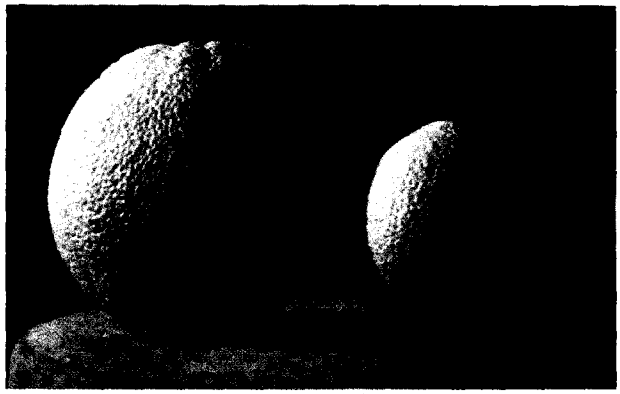
"WE HAVE TO USE SOPHISTICATED TECHNIQUES"



SIZING ORANGES BY CHEMISTRY. The two Superior oranges above, both navels, are tributes to the fine chemical tuning central to modern fruit growing. Andrew explains: "The size of the citrus is important. Before Christmas, people want a big navel. You've got to pump them up, force feed fertilizer and water. But in areas that are not going to be picked until spring, we keep the fruit size down with chemicals and hormones, because in the spring people want smaller oranges. We have to use these sophisticated techniques."

PICKING GRAPES BY MACHINERY. One of the latest and most complex creatures of agricultural technology is the grape-picker at right. It straddles the vines it plucks, shakes the grapes into a net, and then carries them by conveyer belt to a hopper. In an hour and a half it does as much as five men can do in a day. Superior has been renting the machines so far but plans to buy five at around $40,000 apiece.

analysis of the costs and returns that he can expect. Another product of the computerizing and rationalizing of his operations is the twenty-year projections that Superior has been using to guide its operations since its formation. "Traditionally, most farmers could hardly plan two days ahead, never mind a season ahead," Andrew says. "Well, we're working twenty years ahead." He won't reveal any details of Superior's twenty-year projections for its own future except to say that the company has exceeded the pace of its projections already. For the future of agriculture generally, Andrew says, his projections show food consumption soaring along with world population figures.

Hand in hand with computerized analysis and planning there exists a high degree of specialization in agriculture's metamorphosis into agribusiness. One wing of Superior's headquarters houses administrative services (which handles personnel matters as well as land acquisition) and the production division; accountants and the company comptroller occupy most of another section of the building; marketing specialists another.

Superior's most specialized division—occupying rooms 13 through 21—is styled "technical services" and is headed by Dr. Henry Chavez, a 36-year-old veteran of agricultural research for government and industry who holds a Ph.D. in plant pathology. ("Chavez eats grapes," says a sign in his office, a bit of wryness inspired by farm labor organizer Cesar Chavez's boycott of non-union grapes. Dr. Chavez is no relation to organizer Chavez and, like most farmers, Superior's managers find little that is amusing about the militant labor leader.) Chavez heads a staff of subspecialists, including an agricultural engineer who concerns himself primarily with irrigation design and installation, an entomologist (who doubles as both bug and weed expert), and a horticulturist—all with master's degrees. "We feel that our technical specialists are necessary in order to ensure the maximum utilization of our resources." Chavez explains. In large measure it is a matter of having experts with the company's interests foremost in mind who can evaluate the increasingly arcane flood of technical and scientific information that is related to the growing of food. "Because we have a fulltime entomologist," Chavez explains, for example, "we don't have to rely on a chemical salesman for pesticide information."

Some of the scope of the specialized knowledge that Superior's style of modern agriculture must grapple with was evident in a glimpse at the technical services department's library and its collection of periodicals and pamphlets. Some periodical titles: *The Deciduous Fruit Grower, Farm Chemicals and Crop Life, Implement and Tractor, Weeds, Trees and Turf, Horticulturist Digest, Agricultural Engineering.* Among the thousands of pamphlets: *Preventing the Bore Worm, Weed Control Through Vegetation Management in Sugar Beets, Toxicity of Pesticide to Honey Bees.*

Agricultural technology has traditionally lagged behind industrial technology in its rate of change, but part of the business of agribusiness is to systematically push forward the design and application of new approaches, chemicals, and equipment—to supplant, in effect, the hoary wisdom and instincts of the farmer, and much of his labor, with the tools of the technician. Superior is very much part of this process. Andrew himself feels that one of Superior's competitive advantages is its ability and willingness to experiment with new technologies and to implement these rapidly.

Andrew's almond orchards are one of his prides and joys in terms of agricultural technology, and he pointed them out to us as we drove with him into Superior ranch land north of Bakersfield. Three workers can harvest an entire orchard, he says. The almonds are never touched until a consumer puts one in his mouth. They are harvested

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from trees by machines that literally grasp a tree's trunk and shake the nuts onto the ground. Other machines sweep up the almonds, and then they go to the hulling and packing plants.

The company's technical advances take simpler forms, as well, which have more to do with thinking than mechanics. For instance, Andrew figures he has saved thousands of dollars on minimizing frost damage largely by determining the last possible moment for turning on the large and costly-to-run heaters that stand guard on the upwind flanks of his citrus orchards. Many citrus growers simply turn the things on as soon as the thermometer drops below 32, and they will leave them on all night. Andrew and his technicians have carefully studied how much below-freezing weather their fruit can take before there is any permanent damage, and by using thermometers that measure the temperature inside the fruit and not just in the surrounding air, they are able more effectively to determine critical temperature stages. At the same time Andrew has worked out a system for starting up the heaters so that two men can flame all the heaters for 160 acres in thirty-five minutes. The result has been a cutting in half of usual frost-fighting costs.

Unquestionably, the company's most impressive technology—and, even more fundamental, the most impressive evidence of its ability to incorporate new technology swiftly and decisively—lies in its "drippers."

As in any agricultural operation, water is one of the principal raw materials that go into Superior's farming, and supplying water to its crops is one of the company's main expenses. The cost of water, if anything, is exceptionally high in the San Joaquin Valley, because much of it comes from deep wells and requires expensive pumping equipment as well as extensive ground-level storage reservoirs.

The standard methods of irrigation used in the valley are intermittent flooding of crop areas and sprinkling—both of which use vast amounts of high-priced water. In arid Israel, however, an acute scarcity of water has led to the development of a technique that makes plants grow as well as or even better than traditional irrigation methods do but uses considerably less water because practically none goes into nonproducing soil or is lost to evaporation. The water is fed, in effect, through a tap or number of taps near the base of the plant or tree. These taps provide a small trickle—one to two gallons an hour—and over a long period this trickle spreads out to feed the plant's roots amply.

Superior's people heard of the dripper three years ago from a San Diego County farm adviser who had been visiting Israel. Andrew was skeptical about the technique's virtues to begin with. Still, the company began experimenting with the dripper on a small scale, the drip-fed plants thrived, the experiment was broadened to take in two twenty-acre plots. These also did well, and Andrew was convinced to go into drippers fullscale—at a time when most farmers were only dimly aware of the technique. In 1972, a mere two years from its first acquaintance with the dripper, Superior installed drippers on 1,400 acres of citrus and almond trees and grapevines, and by the end of this March some 4,500 acres, or nearly a third of Superior's holdings, will be dripper-irrigated, involving something over two million drippers and making Superior the largest individual user of drippers in the world.

The fact that Superior has adopted the dripper on such a vast scale while other American farmers are still barely familiar with this method is certainly tribute to the company's—and to the new agriculture's—receptiveness to new technology. It also speaks forcefully for the financial advantages of the very high finance that increasingly underlies American agriculture.

Dripper systems eventually can effect substantial savings in water costs and in labor costs that are involved in other forms of irrigation, but initially the systems require heavy capital outlays for piping water to every single plant or tree to be irrigated, and for the attendant equipment needed. Touring the fields with Andrew, we could see some evidence of the investment involved—in little drippers lying near the bases of trees or vines and a tractor and work crew that were laying down flexible piping to feed yet more drippers. We also visited a concrete shed that housed one of the consoles that controlled the dripper system for a particular ranch, a wonderfully futuristic contraption—designed specifically for Superior—with a maze of dials and knobs, topped off by an illuminated map that indicates what fields are currently being watered. The panels can be programmed for six days in advance to feed different amounts of water to different twenty-acre sectors over 800 acres of fields. The cost of one electronic regulator alone runs around $40,000, and the pro-rated cost of the drip irrigation comes to about $500 an acre. Do the arithmetic for 4,500 acres, and the result is upwards of $2.2 million for the new dripper irrigation systems alone. Add to that Superior's fleets of cars, trucks, and tractors, its wind machines (for blowing the layers of warmer air that hovers over orchards back into the trees—another frost-fighting method), its tree shakers, etc., and some sense of how big a business agribusiness has become is evident. And if you calculate, as Andrew does, that these investments more than pay for themselves in the long run, then some indications are apparent of the financial disadvantage of traditional small farms that cannot begin to afford massive capital outlays—cannot, in effect, afford the long run. In Superior's case, thanks initially to its parent company's ample investment and now its own favorable standing with the banks, it can and does weigh its finances in long-range terms as a matter of course, as indicated by the fact that it does not even expect to begin breaking even on its overall operation until it is at least six years old.

> "Traditionally, most farmers could hardly plan two days ahead. Well, now we're working twenty years ahead."

It is axiomatic with agribusinessmen like Andrew, in fact, that cash is as vital to a thriving agriculture as nitrogen or phosphate fertilizer. This is an element of faith, Andrew suggested, that has a good deal to do with his and the Superior Oil Company's being in their kind of farming business to begin with. As we drove between endless flat stretches of citrus and almond and pistachio orchards and fallow vineyards, Andrew explained how he, the son of a Long Island lawyer, had gone into agriculture at all and how he eventually ended up at Superior. He had once dreamed of a military career, he said, and shortly after receiving his high school diploma he signed up with the army. While still an OCS first lieutenant, he received an appointment to West Point. But his dreams were shattered in a violent automobile accident, which he's still reluctant to talk about. It broke "almost everything" in his body. During eight months in traction and eight more months in rehabilitation in two army hospitals, he decided to get far away from the world he knew as a boy and young man. "Far away" turned out to be Arizona. Because he wanted to be outdoors as much as possible, he set out to become a farmer. He enrolled in the University of Arizona's school of agriculture and proved to have a decided aptitude for his new calling. Andrew graduated with a B.S. in agronomy, *magna cum laude*.

The late Forties and early Fifties were frustrating times, however, for farmer Andrew. What limited income he had came from working as a foreman on a general farm outside Tucson, owned by an uncle. In 1953, married

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> "I was a small farmer, and there's no way you can do it today. You need technology and you need efficiency."

and with two of what would turn out to be eight children, Andrew along with a friend "conned a banker into giving us a loan," borrowed a down payment, and bought a 480-acre farm of their own.

But, in what Andrew sees as representative of the plight of the small farmer, he could barely make ends meet with his crops of cotton, grain, and safflower. The water table in the area was sinking, nearby farmers were coming up with dry holes, and this meant it would be increasingly expensive to irrigate. He figured it would take $50,000 to have an assured water source. Andrew sold out—at a profit, he stresses—and at age twenty-nine and by this time the father of four children, he went to work as a management trainee for Farmers Investment Company, a 5,000-acre diversified farming corporation with land throughout Arizona.

"I was a small farmer," Andrew philosophized as we drove, "and there's no way you can do it today. You need technology and you need efficiency, and there's no way the individual farmer can do that. We can get specialists in our organization who can go out and learn things and apply them to our farms that the small farmer just can't afford to do. We aren't alone in this concept of farming, and we're losing thousands of farms every year in California alone. Sometimes it takes capital to do something that you know is right, and you can't afford to do it if you're down there on a small farm. But if you've got the capital behind you, you can go ahead and develop those things that will bring you the efficiencies that you need."

Andrew has had capital behind him ever since he began working for large farming enterprises. In 1965 he was hired away from Farmers Investment by another mammoth farming company, Bruce Church, Inc., to supervise the installation of a farming complex along the Colorado River at an Indian reservation in Parker, Arizona. Three years later he was promoted to general manager of Bruce Church's entire California farm holdings, which spread through the Salinas, Imperial, and San Joaquin valleys. And little more than two years after that Superior hired him away to be in charge of production for its then fledgling farm. He was soon promoted to president; he has held the post since June 1970.

The Superior Farming Company's own history is considerably briefer. The brainchild of Superior Oil Company's president, Howard Keck, Superior Farming was set up in 1968—which was around the heyday of non-food companies expanding or conglomerating into agriculture. Superior already owned a 160-acre plot near Bakersfield and used that land as the base for what has since become a non-stop acquisition of land. Some of the land Superior has acquired was already planted, and the company simply took over ongoing operations. But nearly three-quarters of Superior's current crops, which are already two-thirds of its potential planting, were put in by Superior itself since 1968. How much bigger does the company expect to grow? "We talk about consolidation," says Andrew, "but we just bought two thousand acres, and we're still looking at more." In fact, Andrew sees no real limit to Superior's growth.

Nor does he think there are any obstacles to increasing industrialization. In fact, Andrew envisions the day when the agricultural assembly line will be virtually indistinguishable from its industrial counterpart, and, indeed, Superior has been experimenting with something very close to that already. An ultimate in factory-like farming is represented by Superior's tomato-growing operation in Tucson. There, inside of giant, polyethylene-topped greenhouses, a Superior Farming subsidiary, Environmental Farms, Inc., is growing 10.8 acres of tomatoes under circumstances in which every agronomic variable is meticulously controllable. The resulting crops are eight times as large as they would be for equivalent field acreage.

Andrew explains with pride how within a few days the old stems and roots of a tomato crop that has borne its fruit are mechanically swept up and a new crop of young plants plunked down, and how every stage of a crop's growth is regulated—immune from the vagaries of nature that have plagued farmers forever. "It's just like a factory," he exults. "That's what it is, a tomato-growing factory." And this, he says, "is the agriculture of the future. There's going to be one big greenhouse on your hundred-acre field where you control the gases, the temperature, humidity, control everything."

There are still many Americans who do not believe and do not want to believe that Fred Andrew and Superior Farming represent the agriculture of the future, that ever-bigger, more businesslike, and more factory-like farming operations are inevitable. It is good politics as well as tried romanticism to affirm the eternity of the small farm. Thus, even Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz, who has been accused of being a friend of agribusiness, has asserted: "We're always going to remain a nation of family farms."

Loosely speaking, there may be something to that. But our farms are likely to be family farms in the same sense that DuPont is a family business. Whether farms are owned by impersonal corporations or by families, they are bound to get bigger and more businesslike—unless government should step in and forcefully resist the trend. Many people, including many small farmers, feel that government should do so, in order to preserve an invaluable realm of America's heritage, "the promoter of its virtue," a morally desirable way of life as well as an industry. Don Paarlberg, director of agricultural economics for the Agriculture Department, asked in a speech a while back whether we should "sacrifice a form of agricultural production that has produced good people as well as good crops and livestock." The question, he pointed out, was "social and political as well as economic."

Andrew appears to be aware of the political and social aspects of what he is doing and advocating, but he stresses the economic: America cannot afford the inefficiencies of small farming units, he says, unless it wants to pay a lot more for its food. As for government stepping in to ensure the continuation of small farms, he compares this abhorrently to the government's breaking up General Motors into a lot of small car companies. He feels that the government has no business doing either.

Still Andrew does not, after all, appear to be the pure agribusinessman—indeed, he says he hates the word—and perhaps it will take another generation or two until this breed is fully developed. In fact, he scorns companies or syndicates that have come into agriculture purely for investment purposes. As we drove near his fields, he took a certain crotchety pleasure, you could sense, in pointing out how badly orchards were doing that were owned by such groups. He also said that he felt it was important that he himself and many of his lieutenants had had actual farm—"production"—experience. He frequently gets restless behind a desk, he confessed, and goes out to his fields whenever he can.

Later, at his neat teakwood desk with his two telephones, radio, and intercom, the president of the Superior Farming Company was asked whether he would still like to be running his own farm if it were economically feasible. Sure, he said. "Most of the fun in farming is doing it all yourself." But it is a way of the past, he said. And for better or worse he is most likely right. ☐

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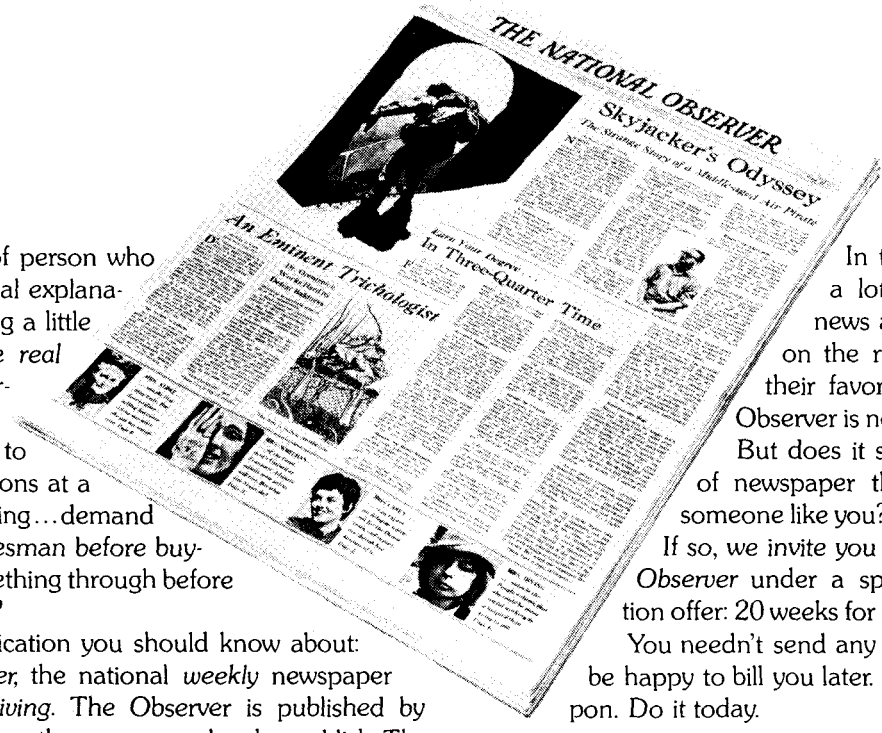

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POLITICS & GOVERNMENT

How to Stop a Highway

The national mania for highways has made us one of the most mobile nations in the world, but we're fast discovering that the asphalt graying of America contains as much curse as blessing. New highways have disrupted communities—they uprooted 60,000 persons last year. Urban loops and links and cross-town connectors have helped commuters commute but have also hurt the cities—by making it easier for members of the white middle class to keep their jobs in the cities and their bedrooms in the suburbs. More highways have meant more cars which have meant more noise and air pollution.

So, perhaps you are concerned because you've heard that the bulldozers are coming your way, through some part of your community, a favorite park or even your own backyard; or maybe you think there are just too many highways around already and mass transit is a better answer to our transportation problems.

If so, don't stop worrying. There are at least $10 billion worth of new federally funded highways currently on the drawing boards—and with the mammoth auto and highway-building industries pushing them, they have a good chance of becoming concrete in the next few years.

But you needn't be resigned, either. Citizen groups have risen to challenge state highway departments (which do the building, using federal subsidies) in recent years and have stopped a number of highways dead in their tracks. Currently, they have some twenty-five highways ensnarled in court suits. Highways *can* be stopped or their impact minimized, and here's how, based on a growing body of successful resistance.

Organize. As soon as you learn that a highway is coming, start getting it together—the opposition. Veteran highway battlers suggest organizing first around existing community groups that are most directly affected by the highway—neighborhood, civic and church organizations whose members live in the proposed highway's path. Your nucleus group should then select an official sounding name, order some stationery with a letterhead and get the use of a duplicating machine. You're in business. Now to broaden your ranks. Among likely allies:

Schools. Increased traffic will jeopardize the children's safety.

Environmental organizations. Most of them are against highway expansion.

Park departments and boards. Highways are often routed through parks.

Kiwanis, Rotary, etc. Groups whose members own small businesses that the highway may displace or isolate behind walls of concrete are natural enlistees.

Apply political pressure. In Washington, D.C., Boston and Cambridge, Massachusetts, and Atlanta, Georgia, highway fighters have forged the kind of broad coalitions that politicians dream about—and can't easily ignore. Focus your pressure on key local and state politicians who will be up for reelection soon. What tactics should you use? Anti-highway coalitions have tried intensive letter-writing campaigns, personal lobbying and picketing. In Cambridge and Boston highway opponents marched 2,000 strong on the State House and even barricaded a traffic-congested street. In Washington highway foes have disrupted "public" hearings they insisted were fixed.

Study the regulations. While political pressure may be a first step to halting a highway—and possibly a last, too—it can be an exceedingly difficult route, because the automobile and highway lobbies exercise enormous political muscle in most states, and you will be fighting them, in effect, on their turf. A more generally fruitful avenue these days may be to do battle within the administrative system. Since 1968, state highway departments have been obliged by federal law and administrative edict to follow a spate of complex regulations designed to guarantee a citizen voice in highway planning, and these rules can actually provide such a voice for those who know how to use them. "If anyone wants to stop our highways," a federal highway official reportedly told a conference of highway builders in Washington, D.C., "just make us follow our own regulations." These are some of the broad elements in those regulations and some tactical considerations to heed:

Prepare for hearings. When a state highway department decides to build a major highway, it must, under the 1968 federal law, hold two public hearings before it can receive federal funds. The first hearing considers the highway's exact location, or corridor, and the second focuses on the highway's design. The state *must* announce each hearing at least twice—thirty days before and five to twelve days before the hearing day—in "a newspaper having general circulation." State highway planners must also send announcements to "public advisory groups" whom the state "knows or believes might be interested in or affected by" the highway.

States often play tricks with these provisions. In Nashville the highway department plastered post offices with circulars announcing the hearing date

HELP IS AT HAND

Highway fighters must search in their own communities for organizing resources, but here are some national organizations that can help:

The *Highway Action Coalition*, which represents nineteen national environmental groups, is the most knowledgeable anti-highway organization. HAC is in Room 731, 1346 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. HAC acts as a nerve center for highway battles across the country and publishes a newsletter keeping local groups up-to-date on national developments and on each other.

Major national environmental legal groups with anti-highway experience include the *Environmental Defense Fund*, 1712 N Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036, and the *Natural Resources Defense Council*, 36 West 44th Street, New York, New York 10036. They'll suggest lawyers you can call in your area. Also write to the *National Coalition on the Transportation Crisis*, Brookland Post Office, Box 4529, Washington, D.C. 20017, which has legal contacts.

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—but when citizens showed up they discovered the hearing had been rescheduled for the day before. In Seattle state officials held a public hearing on a highway that was to go through a black community. The meeting was held exactly according to the preannounced plan—at an all-white country club, on an island in the harbor, at 10 a.m. Be wary.

At the "corridor" hearing on the highway's location, highway planners will propose several different highway routes, and citizens can testify for or against them.

Federal law requires the state highway planners to consider the "social, economic and environmental effects of those alternate locations"—and the law lists twenty-three specific considerations as a start. For example, the planners must discuss the highway's effects on "fast, safe and efficient transportation . . . residential and neighborhood character and location . . . displacement of families and businesses . . . conservation (including erosion, sedimentation, wildlife and general ecology of the area) . . . multiple uses of space . . . education (including disruption of school district operations) . . . property values . . . maintenance and operating costs of the project and related facilities." Put the highway department on the line: demand hard analysis and numbers, not vague assurances.

Before the highway planners get past the corridor hearing, they must also guarantee in writing that they have already found enough "decent, safe and sanitary" housing for every person whom the new highway will displace—and that means housing with comparable rent that is situated reasonably close to work and in an area with comparable public and commercial services. Highway departments give guarantees readily enough but don't always follow through on them. Demand precise information on alternative housing, and if you don't get it, request an additional public hearing.

Do the arithmetic. When a state asks the U.S. Department of Transportation to approve its highway location and DOT complies (it usually does), the highway department will announce a public design hearing. This could be held from six months to six years after the location hearing. All procedural requirements at the first hearing apply to this one, too, but now you'll consider minute details on the final design. Some people get scared when they confront all the technical jargon that highway engineers throw at them—but no need. Read a few books (see box at left), and use your common sense. Skip the explanations about curve radius and bank elevation and cement specifications, and ask: How many cars and trucks will the highway carry per hour, and how will the highway department feed them into the city streets? How much air pollution will they bring, and how will the planners control it?

Once DOT gives final approval for the highway, you've exhausted your administrative channels. But you still have one major weapon left in your anti-highway arsenal.

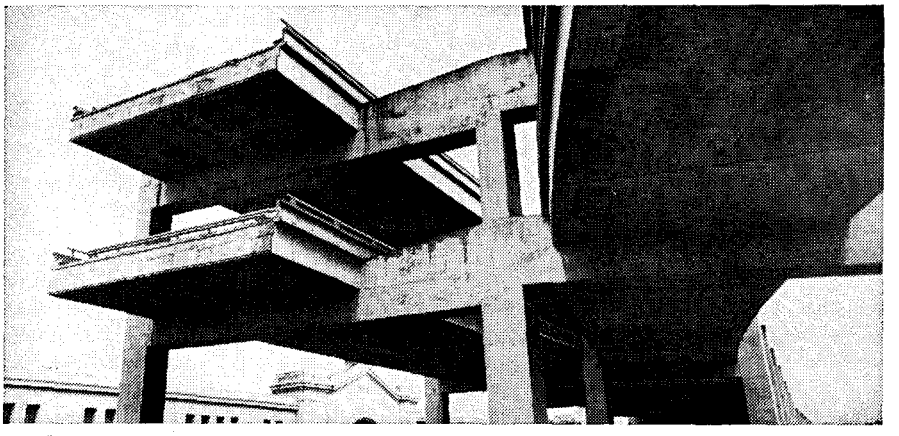
Sue. Highway fighters have discovered that one of their best hopes is to catch a state highway department in a legal procedural mistake and then to drag the highway plans through years of administrative and court proceedings until the highway supporters have given up the fight.

The complexity of highway laws and regulations since 1968 provides fertile grounds for error, but environmental consciousness underlies the law that has nourished most citizen suits and court victories over highway plans. Under the National Environmental Policy Act (NEPA) of 1970, the state highway planners must prepare an "environmental impact statement" for every proposed highway, including possible alternatives to the highway.

NEPA impact statements must consider every conceivable social, economic and environmental consequence, and you'll want to read the Department of Transportation regulations for guidance. These are some likely weak links to look out for: Does the statement analyze *long-term* effects of the highway, such as land use 15 years from now as the tax base changes? And does it propose alternatives to the highway, including expanded bus service, mass transit—or building *no road at all*? NEPA requirements are a gold mine of legal activism for citizen groups, because while the courts demand strict compliance, compiling all the information and evaluation required is a mammoth job, and state highway departments keep trying to get away without doing it properly. Lawyers at the Washington-based Center for Science in the Public Interest have found, for instance, that the exact same NEPA statement, word for word, was filed for two totally different highways in two different states.

Court suits demand a lot of time and can be prohibitively expensive. So a prime requirement is to find a good lawyer who's willing to donate his or her services. Highway fighters in Washington estimate that their counsel, Covington and Burling, has devoted half a million dollars of lawyers' time since they first went to court in 1966. But don't be discouraged. Look around and you'll see that a freeway designed to cut across San Francisco has been abruptly and permanently truncated in midcourse; Chicago's $965 million Crosstown Expressway is currently stalled in court; in Maryland $750 million worth of concrete has been stopped; the $76.1 million Hawthorne-Century Freeway outside Los Angeles isn't going anywhere, either. You definitely can stop a highway.

DANIEL ZWERDLING



Undone: A San Francisco freeway met opposition en route and now ends in the air.

ANTI-HIGHWAY PRIMERS

One of your most crucial tasks is to learn the federal highway laws. They're numerous and complex, but Representative John Dingell (D-Mich.) has collected the most important ones and printed them in the *Congressional Record*, starting on page E 5749, May 25, 1972.

Two basic primers on the politics and economics of highways are *Superhighway—Superhoax* by Helen Leavitt and the more technical but readable *The Metropolitan Transportation Problem* by Wilfred Owen. Ben Kelley, a former DOT insider, has written a valuable *The Pavers and the Paved*, and *The Road to Ruin* by A. Q. Mowbray is also interesting reading. *The Earth Tool Kit*, edited by Sam Love of Environmental Action, includes a good account of the organizing behind major highway battles.

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BUSINESS & ECONOMICS

Talking Back to Machines

Computer billing foul-ups are far less common now than ten years ago when credit computerization was in its Stone Age. But there's still plenty of room for error. Just last month, for example, a near riot occurred on a Paris street in front of the building that houses a computer center handling family allotment checks for a quarter of France's population. For months the disturbed mechanical giant has chaotically refused to send checks to some and has given unwarranted increases to others, only to demand excessive refunds later.

The most common computer mistakes, however, are simple clerical ones. You send in full payment, but the clerk absentmindedly tells the computer to bill you. Or the bill should read $11, but a keypunch error boosts it to $111. The computer whirs merrily on—until a human being steps in and stops it.

The big machine itself makes "mistakes" of sorts, too. This usually happens when the computer is asked to perform more than one operation at the same time on your account and the separate programs in the computer set up to run these operations are not coordinated. The result? A woman who moved from New York to California asked her New York electrical company to terminate service and to send her a breakdown of an unusually high final bill before she would make payment. One part of the computer terminated service as requested and returned her $25 deposit. But another part of the computer took note of her nonpayment (though not the reason for it) and began spewing out ominous dunning notices. The computer's threat was to cut off the terminated service.

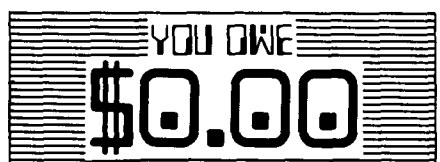
Whether man or machine is at fault, however, it is up to the customer to straighten out his bill. For those caught on the receiving end of a computer's nervous breakdown, the advice of a New York systems engineer is threefold: Keep your cool, remembering that a computer is just a "very fast moron" incapable of the malicious motives you may attribute to it. Be nice to the human beings in the billing system and give them a fair chance to rectify their mistakes.

Then holler for help.

The consultant might also have advised that when it comes to computer problems, an ounce of prevention is worth pounds and pounds of attempted cure. To practice prevention, it helps to know how a billing system works. Most utilities, credit-card systems and large retailers—American Express, Pacific Gas & Electric, and Montgomery Ward, for example—all use a similar procedure. It begins when your bill payment arrives in the computer center's mailroom. Your envelope is opened and a clerk compares your check with the stub you (hopefully) enclosed as per instructions. A keypunch operator then encodes the bill stub to show what you paid, and the stub is sent off to a machine which takes that information plus your account number and puts it into the computer's memory. Your check is then sent off to the company's bank for deposit.

When paying into such a system, you should remember that clerks are human beings who do things like go for coffee, lose their place in a stack of papers when they return, and then occasionally mismatch bills and checks. If you write your account number in a blank spot on the front of your check, the receiving clerks can spot their errors quickly—before the wrong numbers get into the machine.

Now let's assume disaster has struck



A Chicago woman found it almost impossible to choke off a stream of letters churned out by the computer at her credit-card company. The letters threatened her with legal action if she did not pay $0.00 immediately.

and the monster machine is bombarding you with requests to pay the national debt. First, try to get the company's attention through routine procedures. In an urgent situation—your gas is about to be cut off—you may want to telephone. If you have trouble getting through by using the customer service number given on your bill (these trunk line numbers often handle hundreds of customer calls a day), you may be more successful by "jumping numbers." That is, if the customer service number ends in two or three zeros, chances are that by substituting any other digit—1, 2, 3, etc.—for the last zero, you can reach the service switchboard or some other helpful soul in the company who will get a customers' representative to call you back. Once you have the customers' rep on the phone, get his or her full name or employee number. This will personalize the rep's responsibility toward you and raise the odds of quick action on your complaint.

To call attention to a simple no-rush error, you may just want to write a note on your bill stub. In most billing systems a duplicate of an annotated stub is prepared for the computer, and the stub itself is sent on to the company's complaint department. A note or letter enclosed with your payment will be treated similarly. Tearing up your bill to protest the error won't help much in getting you human attention and may in fact prolong matters if no one can read your account number. Control your temper and spare the IBM card.

If your difficulty is important, complex or annoying enough to make you write a letter, control your literary flair. Give your full name as it appears on the account, your account number, your address, and a full, clear, but brief rundown of your problem. Type the letter if you can, or find a fifth-grader who can print clearly—especially the numbers. Make and keep a copy of your letter as a record of your initial action. Enclose with the letter a photocopy of the bill in dispute and retain the original yourself. (If you have to make additional copies of the bill later, the copies will be clearer if you have the original.)

Whether you write on the bill stub or send a letter, you should get a response fast, even if it is only a form letter indicating that your problem "is being looked into." This is especially true if you live in California, Connecticut, Maryland, Massachusetts, Virginia, or Kansas, where companies are required to reply to billing complaints within a "reasonable time" (usually thirty to sixty days) or forfeit the contested charge.

Once you have made contact with the company, be reasonable in expecting a remedy. It may take a couple of weeks for the company to find out what went wrong on your bill and to fix it. Meanwhile, you might get a second dunning notice simply because a clerk neglected to pick up the phone and call off the computer. It is an annoyance that you can ignore. If, however, the notice makes you nervous enough to write or call the company again, be sure to state clearly that you have already questioned the account. Otherwise you might start the checking process all over again and further delay

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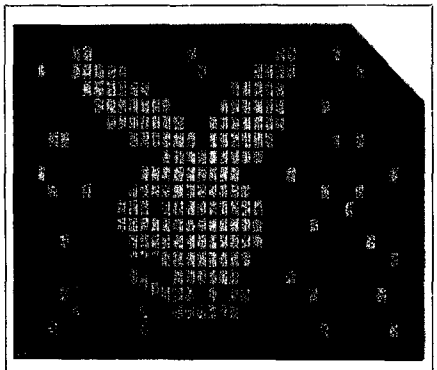


A sedate New York City gentleman ignored a computerized letter from Playboy Club offering him a key at reduced prices. He then paid no attention to the Club's key which arrived uninvited. But Playboy's computer began dunning him for $7.50 month after month. It took an attorney's letter to get the rabbit off his back.

the correction of your bill.

With the arrival of a third monthly notice and still no action from the company, you have reached the "holler for help" stage. Forget the customer service department. Get a lawyer friend to write on his letterhead a request for immediate action on your account. Supply him with copies of your earlier correspondence explaining the mix-up, and send the whole package to the company's legal department. Let the company's own lawyers start harassing the billing department.

If you are really fed up, of course, you are now justified in using the ultimate weapon—a letter to the president or chairman of the board of the offending company.

Let enclosed copies of your past correspondence spell out the particulars of your problem and use your personal note to the president, firmly but politely, to focus on his company's lack of responsiveness. An indication that you are also sending carbon copies of your letter to state and local consumer agencies or the state utilities commission may also help stir some action. If your situation seems serious enough, you may even want to make good on your carbon-copy threat.

Your letter to the president will still have to trickle back down to the computerized credit department where your troubles started in the first place. But this time the department's action will definitely not be routine. After hassling for weeks with a local Sears office, a Connecticut man finally fired off a letter to Sears board chairman Gordon Metcalf in Chicago. The letter was mailed on a Monday. "Wednesday the local Sears people called saying everything was under control," he reported. "By the next Monday everything was squared away, and on Tuesday the manager called to be sure we were happy."

You can get the name of the top executives of major corporations by checking standard business reference books published by Moody's or Standard & Poor and available at most libraries.

ALEXANDER AUERBACH

How to Keep Your Credit Rating Clear

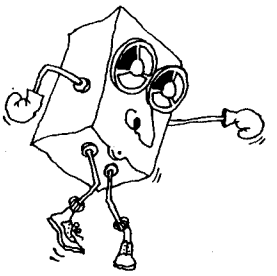
Whenever you hold up payment on a disputed bill, bear in mind that you may affect your future credit standing with the company, or your overall credit rating. Check to be sure your credit rating stays clear.

★From the moment a billing dispute begins, regard carbon paper or the Xerox machine as your ally. Keep a copy of the disputed bill and dated copies of all of your correspondence with the company. These copies will be your only record of your protest and of your attempts to deal with the company in good faith. If, ultimately, you need a lawyer to clear up your case, he will find the documentation valuable.

★When your dispute with the company is finally settled, ask the company's representative how the incident has been reported in the company's records of your account. If there is any notation of slow payment, be sure that there is also an indication that you contested the bill. If the incident is not recorded to your satisfaction, take your complaint straight to the head of the company.

★Also ask the company's rep if the dispute has caused the company to report any negative information on your account to a central credit-reporting service. (Normally, utilities do not report your account negatively unless service has actually been cut off, and credit-card companies usually don't bother to report you in arrears until sixty days have lapsed.) If your account has been reported as slow to pay or "write off," ask for the name of the credit agency to which the company reports. The federal Fair Credit Reporting Act allows you to demand that the credit-reporting agency tell you what is in their files concerning you. You have the right to file a rebuttal against the company with the agency. □

Win Some Lose Some



There are some battles with a computer you can expect to win and some that are doomed from the start.

WIN If your credit card is lost or stolen and used by an unauthorized person, federal law limits your liability to a maximum of $50 or to the amount charged on the card before you notify the company of its loss—whichever sum is less. Immediate notification should mean no liability.

LOSE If you loan your credit card to a friend who then runs up a huge bill, you are liable for all charges regardless of any limitations on use to which your friend may privately have agreed. Credit-card companies go to court on this one and nearly always win.

WIN It's called "delayed billing" when your local gas or electric company sends you no bill for six months, then comes through with a $90 whopper for the entire half year. You can usually get the company to prorate this large sum over as many months as they neglected to bill you. If the company doesn't seem eager to accept time payments, your state utilities commission will usually help you to make them see the light.

LOSE In all but four states, you cannot refuse to pay charges on "third person" credit cards (Bankamericard, Diner's Club, etc.), while you settle a dispute with a local retailer over the merchandise. Something called a "waiver of defense," a clause in your original agreement with the credit-card company, specifically does away with this right. Only if your purchase was made in Arizona, California, Massachusetts, or Vermont, can you refuse to pay when the sum involved is substantial (usually more than $50) and if you notify the credit-card company of the dispute immediately.

WIN When mysterious long-distance calls which you know you never made show up on your phone bill, Ma Bell is generally good about removing charges while she investigates to find out who did place the mystery calls. □

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LIFESTYLES

The Time-Bind Syndrome —and Its Cure

Whatever else you may have enough of, chances are you're short on one commodity: time. In fact, you probably feel downright harried. You're a slave to your watch and pocket calendar; for you, work is more compulsive than compulsory and even relaxation can be taxing. Somewhere in your home or office lies a stack of "intend-to-read" matter—a concrete reminder of things undone. If it's any comfort, you're suffering from a common and very contemporary affliction: time bind.

The time-bind syndrome has been well documented by the Swedish economist Staffan Linder in a book called *The Harried Leisure Class*. Linder's thesis holds that, paradoxically, harriedness, not leisure, is the chief reward of affluence. A man of means buys more commodities, but the more he buys the less *time* he's going to have for the enjoyment of his acquisitions. In the sixteen or so of his waking hours, he not only has to work (or delegate work, which takes time), but put up the boat for the winter, have the second TV repaired, select a new car, supervise his children's consumption of their toys—the list is endless. The leisure class, it turns out, has everything *but* leisure.

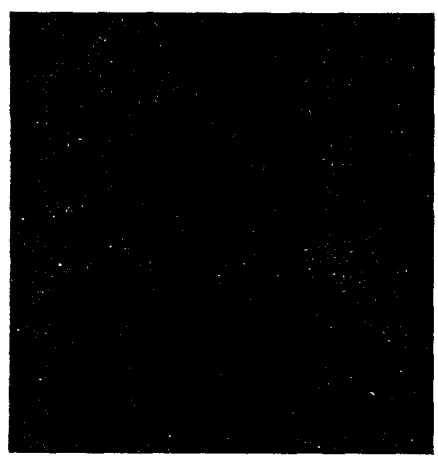
Recently I've come down with a particularly bad case of time bind. As an assistant professor of English, my full-time work load, on paper, is only twelve hours a week. But as I try to explain to my friends who believe that academe is the greatest sinecure after the surrogate, those twelve hours are only the tip of the iceberg. The nether regions are an open-ended demand to publish, prepare lectures, comfort distraught students, attend faculty meetings, and jockey for promotion. In addition, I'm responsible for the care and feeding of two preschoolers with the normal amount of separation anxiety.

I'm not complaining, though, just explaining how, not long ago, I came to be browsing through a book called *How to Raise Children in Your Spare Time*. Other cures for time bind seemed equally unsatisfactory. One statistical wizard, for example, has calculated that an hour and a half less sleep per night gives a person a two-year time bonus over a normal lifetime.

Then I heard about Alan Lakein, a San Francisco–based consultant with a Harvard Business School degree and a background in computer programming. Lakein is president of Alan Lakein & Company, the only company in the country exclusively devoted to helping people manage their time properly. So, without wasting another minute, I made an appointment to see him at his New York headquarters in the Park Sheraton Hotel.

Lakein, a small, balding, friendly man, got right to the point. "American society has failed you," he began. "There's very little training available in how to make good use of your time, how to deal with a sense of overload, how to handle fragmentation, poor concentration, interruptions. . . ."

"Can you teach people all that?" I interrupted. Yes, Lakein said, he can. And, appropriately enough, he feels that he can do it sooner rather than later: an average consultation with him lasts from one and a half to three hours and



is a one-shot affair—at $50 an hour—although some clients come back for a follow-up. "The most important thing is to decide to decide," Lakein explained. "People carry around a lot of extra baggage in their lives and feel overwhelmed. In one hour a person could think of enough goals to fill three lifetimes, so *everyone* has to trim back. My basic rule is that there's always enough time for important matters."

Here's the Lakein Method for deciding what's important, as he outlined it to me that afternoon:

1. Consider the big picture, instead of worrying exclusively about what to do this afternoon. Ask yourself: a) What are my lifetime goals? b) How would I like to spend the next five years? c) How would I live if I were to die in six months?

2. Get it down in writing, preferably on a legal-size pad. List your lifetime goals, aiming for quantity. Include as many as you can think of—never mind the conflicts at this stage—and don't, by dallying too long over your list, create a fresh time problem! The hope is that, by articulating your goals, you'll recognize them.

3. Examine the goal conflicts and set priorities. Do career goals war with family goals? A good use of your time might then be to set about resolving that particular conflict. Two opposing career goals? The question is, Which goal should predominate *now*? Trim back boldly. Put *A*'s in front of your three most important lifetime goals, then write each of them at the top of a fresh sheet of paper. On each "*A*" sheet list the logical steps you might take to arrive at that goal.

4. Construct an Action Plan for moving closer to your goals. Choose one "*A*" task, resist the *mañana* impulse, and Do It Now. If a project seems too ambitious, contrive something that does lie within the realm of the practicable. Now you have clear priorities for the day. You will feel you're spending time productively because you're going, in some modest way, to where you ultimately want to be.

I left Lakein with some growing doubts about his method, and to help me decide to decide, I sounded out another expert. "Lakein's concept is ingenious," an industrial engineer for Booz, Allen, a giant management consultant firm, told me. "What he's doing is applying the systems approach of industry to organizing an individual life. Projecting five-year objectives, setting priorities, examining alternatives, drawing up timetables, and monitoring progress are all techniques of the business world. But are they applicable to the individual life? I doubt it."

My own feeling is that Lakein's techniques might provide short-range relief from acute time bind and a sense of being on top of one's own affairs. Thinking positively, even in the face of rather unpromising circumstances, never hurts. The trouble with long-range projections, however, is that, with society changing so quickly, they're likely to become a sure-fire blueprint for obsolescence. And since individuals change just as quickly, there's the danger that this year's goals might not suit next year's reincarnations. Too many people are devastated by the unexpected, incapable of taking advantage of a surprising turn of events, simply because it wasn't written into their programs. Others, of course, fritter away a good measure of their lives simply because they have no program.

ERICA ABEEL

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THE LAW

The Cons and Pros of Door-to-Door Sales

Anne Farrell, a thirty-one-year-old housewife and mother of four grade-school children, was impressed when a nice-looking young man knocked on her door one afternoon and showed her a letter of introduction from the principal of St. Vincent's, the parochial school her children attended. He was from Scholastic Systems, Inc. He spoke about the special training in reading skills available to poor kids in programs like Head Start and to rich kids enrolled in fancy private schools. "But what about middle-class kids, Mrs. Farrell—kids like yours?" He gently worked the conversation around to an introduction of the teaching machine his company was fortunately making available to the parents of a selected group of children who attended St. Vincent's. The machine seemed to be endorsed by the principal and by university educators. The salesman said he knew that Mrs. Farrell didn't want her kids to fall behind. He said she could cancel her purchase at any time.

He left with Anne Farrell's signature on a contract to buy a teaching machine for just $1.98 per week. Every week for the next four years. A little over $400 for an unnecessary gadget already overpriced in stores at $25. Scholastic Systems, Inc. had gone to the superintendent of the local Catholic schools with a much more elaborate machine for use in the schools, and the superintendent had endorsed the machine in letters to the schools' principals. The principals were then conned by a similar combination of product-switching, an unfulfilled promise to build reading labs in the schools, and naïveté.

Anne Farrell (that's not her real name) was among a lucky minority of in-home consumers who finally got her money back. She went to the New York City Department of Consumer Affairs, and when the department finished with Scholastic Systems, Inc. (that *was* its real name), the company wished it had never heard of New York City. The department's judgment against Scholastic required that a money-back offer be made on all 1,400 sales in the area—which led to repayments of $380,000—and that the company cease and desist from selling teaching machines in New York City.

Senate hearings, Federal Trade Commission records, and files of consumer organizations are filled with stories of people like Anne Farrell who have been bilked by door-to-door salesmen, who have bought products of inferior quality for many times their value—products that they usually did not need in the first place and often could not afford. The cases chronicle the gimmicks used to get past the front door—"surveys," "free gifts," and "contests"; they tell of broken warranties, misleading promises, undisclosed charges, and of runaway companies that disappear from one locality only to arise phoenix-like somewhere else.

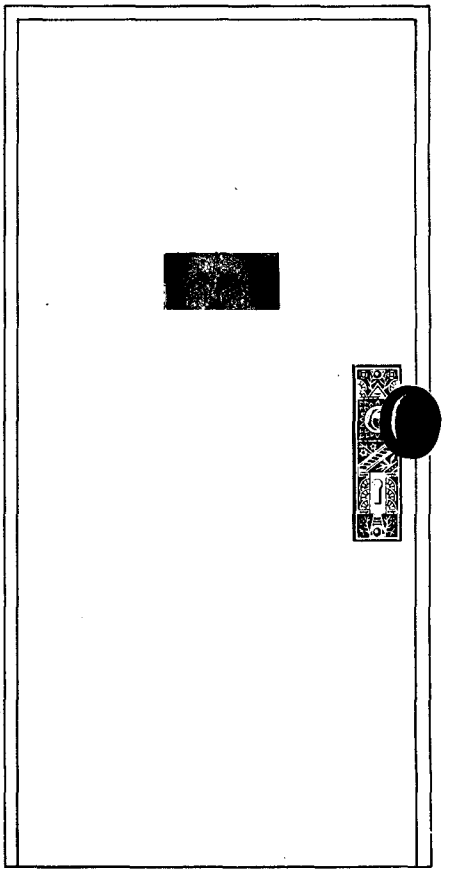
Such deceptive practices are the exception in the "direct-selling" industry, according to J. Robert Brouse, president of the Direct Selling Association. Brouse estimates that door-to-door salesmen annually sell $4 billion worth of products and that they sell to consumers in all income ranges from the lowest to the highest. DSA attempts to protect customers with a strict code of ethics and with a ready handling of consumer complaints in order to maintain the reputation of legitimate door-to-door firms that sell products as varied as cookware, jewelry, home cleaning products, cosmetics, shoes, land, insurance, frozen food, furnaces, burglar alarms, and building siding.

A forty-two-year-old accountant from suburban Santa Fe Springs, California, had $1,500 worth of Bestline soap products in his garage for a year without realizing that only five out of a hundred have the time and ability necessary to make "up to $30,000 a year" as an independent district sales organizer for Bestline.

Even the most vocal critics of door-to-door selling, such as Bruce C. Ratner, consumer advocate of New York City's Department of Consumer Affairs, draw clear distinctions between firms that abuse the direct sales technique and such old-time firms as Avon and Fuller Brush which sell inexpensive standard home products for cash and perform a useful marketing service by bringing their wares right to the housewife's door. It is products that cost more than $50 or are sold on credit that Ratner warns against as often overpriced, inferior in quality, or just plain unnecessary. A 1970 study recently cited by the FTC found that, in fact, 80 per cent of direct-sale consumers say they would not have bought the product if a salesman had not called at their door; 50 per cent said they regretted their purchases after they had bought them.

A housewife from Wheeling, Illinois, bought a "free" encyclopedia accompanied by a $125 yearbook and a $325 ten-year information service and thought she was going to get a $25 rebate for each customer referral she gave the company. What she didn't realize was that the rebates were conditional and depended upon actual purchase and payment for the service by her referrals.

The legal recourse now being established to protect consumers who buy at the door is the "cooling-off period." During this period (usually two or three days) buyers may cancel their purchases, often without such penalties as forfeiture of down payment. Sellers are required to print on the sales contract a cancellation form, which buyers who would like to cancel are advised to send to the company by certified mail with a return receipt requested. The receipt is the customer's proof that his cancellation order reached the company. Cancellation can also be made by telephone or personal visit to the seller's premises. At last count, thirty-five states and the District of Columbia had adopt-



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ed laws setting up such cooling-off periods.*

Recently the FTC also issued an administrative rule that would require notice of a three-day cancellation period to be printed prominently in every contract made outside a seller's place of business. Whether or not the FTC's nationwide rule will go into effect depends on the outcome of a current suit challenging the FTC's rule-making power. The FTC earlier dropped from the rule on door-to-door sales another provision successfully used in New York City, one that would have required the salesman to announce at the door that his purpose is to sell a certain product.

Philip Schrag, former consumer advocate for New York City's Department of Consumer Affairs and author of *Counsel for the Deceived*, doubts that even a cooling-off period sufficiently protects buyers. "Salesmen predate contracts. Companies deny they ever received cancellation notices. Defective goods are not delivered until after the cooling-off period expires. Warranties are later ignored, or companies simply go out of business and emerge elsewhere with new names." Schrag feels that these kinds of abuses justify banning all door-to-door credit sales.

The National Consumer Law Center, a back-up center on consumer law for OEO neighborhood legal service offices, tends to agree that cooling-off periods do not prevent companies from foiling cancellation with a variety of ruses. To prevent this, the center's model National Consumer Act suggests replacing the "cancellation-after-cooling-off" procedure with a requirement that door-to-door contracts *not take effect* unless the buyer actually sends the company a confirmation of his continuing intent to buy.

A New York City welfare recipient signed a $520 credit contract for a Compact Electra vacuum cleaner and a "lifetime wholesale buying club" membership. The vacuum was worth at best $120, and the membership turned out to be good for only one year. Discounts on the club's products were small, and the goods were usually "out of stock."

In a few states still another protection against direct sales is developing through laws that attack fly-by-night firms subtly by cutting off easy financing. Normally, the customer who signs a door-to-door contract also signs a promissory note, a piece of paper that the company then sells to a finance agency, which in turn collects from the customer. As the financing agencies (called "holders in due course") have traditionally been considered to be "innocent" third parties to the sale, wronged customers have had no recourse from their money obligation to finance companies—even when they have been swindled by the sales company. Some twenty states now have new laws removing "holder-in-due-course" protections for finance companies. Those who buy promissory notes are thereby forced to buy such notes only from reputable door-to-door firms.

Despite the new laws, however, protective legislation in the area of direct sales is still in its infancy. The best protection is still the oldest: *Caveat emptor*, or: Let the buyer beware.

JONATHAN R. ADLER

FOLLOW UP . . .

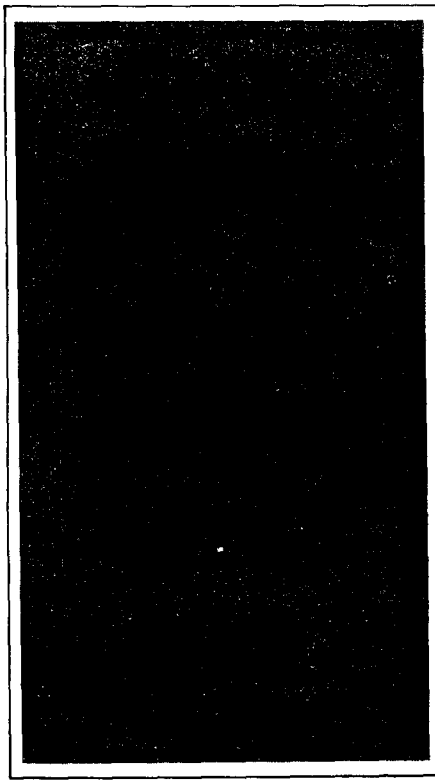
If you have a problem with a purchase you made at your door, two organizations that will take an interest in righting your wrong are:

—The Better Business Bureau in your community. Sponsored by local businessmen with stores, the bureaus usually act quickly against the competition of illicit door-to-door operations.

—The Direct Selling Association. Concerned with guarding the reputation of the legitimate direct-sales firms that are its members, DSA will intervene on your behalf to help you with cancellations, replacement of damaged goods, or enforcement of warranties. The association claims successful settlement of 90 per cent of consumer complaints. Write to DSA at:

1730 M Street, N.W.,
Washington, D.C., 20036

* *The states with cooling-off periods are Alabama, Alaska, Arizona, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Hawaii, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, Wisconsin, and Wyoming.*



What to Do When the Salesman Comes

Philip Schrag, author of *Counsel for the Deceived*, and Robert J. Hobbs of the National Consumer Law Center offer the same terse tip: "Shut the door." Bruce C. Ratner of the New York City Department of Consumer Affairs advises: "Don't buy, except perhaps when the products are cheap cash items of which you know the value, such as cosmetics and brushes."

Virginia H. Knauer, special assistant to the President for consumer affairs, has more detailed suggestions:

- Buy only items you know you need, and don't ever sign a contract just to get rid of the salesman.
- Anything that you sign might be a contract. Read every word, and if you don't understand a provision, don't sign.
- Watch out for overpricing and poor quality. Before buying, take two days to think it over and to compare prices in stores. Any honest salesman won't mind coming back.
- Make sure there are no blank spaces on the contract and that all the salesman's verbal promises are also written into the contract.
- Never allow a salesman to add new purchases on to a contract for old ones. If you fail to pay for any of the new items, your earlier purchases (even if nearly paid for) might be confiscated.
- Get a copy of anything you sign. □

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Presenting The Invisible University

Once upon a time, we used to try to stuff all of our learning experiences into neat little boxes.

The spatial boxes were classrooms and the time boxes were labeled Grade School, Junior High, High School, and College.

But now we're breaking out of the boxes (perhaps because we felt we were suffocating) and finding new learning adventures all around us, all our lives.

Television documentaries, book clubs, paperbacks, magazines, 16mm films and cinema verité, correspondence courses, talking tape cassettes, museums going show business—all are part of an "invisible university" that permits any interested citizen to share in the joy of discovery with today's scientists and thinkers.

We're finding out that you don't have to have a college degree to be an educated person—and that you don't have to stop educating yourself after you get one.

This may explain the phenomenal growth of the fairly new monthly magazine Psychology Today. In just five years, it has zoomed up out of nowhere to a circulation well over 600,000 monthly copies.

Psychology Today was introduced to bridge the gap between the laboratory and the living room, the professional and the educated layman.

Each month it presents the views and findings of pioneering professional researchers and thinkers, including leaders like Carl Rogers, Bruno Bettelheim, Margaret Mead, Erich Fromm, Harvey Cox, John Lilly, B. F. Skinner, Kenneth Keniston, Herbert Marcuse.

Not jazzed up. Not watered down. Not clouded over with professional jargon. Just straight and clear in a way that both professionals and an interested general audience can enjoy and appreciate. And visually enhanced with colorful prize-winning avant garde graphics that reinforce the tingling feeling of high adventure.

Traditionally, in many college subjects, you had to grind for a year or two through agonizingly dull basics before you got to "the good parts." In Psychology Today you start out with "the good parts"—the fascinating, illuminating contemporary discoveries about who we are, why we act as we do, and how we can change.

Here are a few topics under recent discussion in our section of "the invisible university"...

Does sports activity really build character?

Can a psychological test predict your success in business? In investing?

Why do fat people eat even when they're not hungry?

How might psychology have prevented the Vietnam war?

Why do many bright, capable women in business have a will to fail?

Can three people be happily married—to each other?

Does "the screaming" cure really work?

How can income tax forms be made foolproof?

Can a chimpanzee learn to read and write?

Can criminals be rehabilitated through brainwashing? (And *should* they?)

Can fingers see color?

Why do we expect beautiful people to be smarter?

Should we teach children to read the way pigeons are taught to play ping pong?

Is there really such a thing as hypnosis?

Some of it is daring theory. Some is outrageous opinion. But much is startling fact and measured experiments which will rob you of some of your fondest pet notions—and provide you with powerful ammunition for your next argument with friends.

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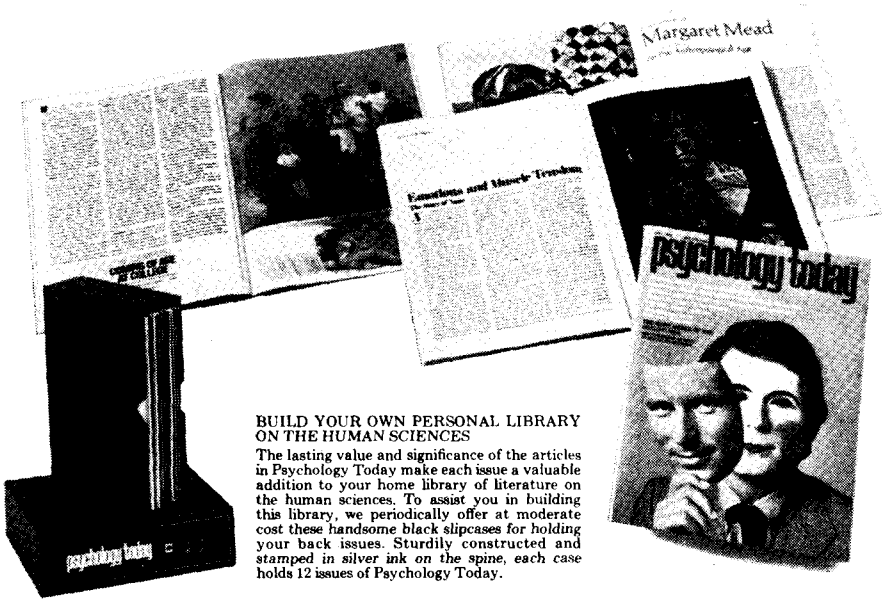

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COMMUNICATIONS

Holding the Line on Telephone Costs

To begin at the beginning: find out what equipment is available and how much it costs. Know, for example, that the new "Touchtone" (push button) phone must be connected to Bell's sophisticated, new "electronic switching system" if it is to give you the faster service it promises. The "ESS" is available to only 7 per cent of the country's phones; check with your local company before buying a Touchtone to see that it is backed up with the system it needs. Otherwise, you'll be paying more but receiving service that is no faster, perhaps slower.

Know that in most states colored phones and such models as the lighter and smaller "Princess" and the "Trimline" (with the dial mechanism in the handset) not only cost more initially but also run more each month for the life of the phone (in some cases that means $15 extra per year).

According to Gary Anderson, an independent communications consultant who spent ten years as a top marketing man with Bell-owned Pacific Telephone, phone personnel are instructed to give charges for equipment and installation in one lump sum. Ask for a breakdown of the various costs and services, as well as for the additional monthly charges. Ask what alternative services and equipment are available.

Once you have your telephone, there are some general things to know in order to keep costs down. First off, consult the telephone book: it carries a great deal of information in addition to telephone numbers. Many questions can be answered at once by a look at the opening pages of the big, fat book.

If you make very few outgoing calls

—less than one a day—check to see whether your local phone company provides a Basic Budget service (as it's called in New York). Such a service will reduce your basic monthly rate. In New York, for example, instead of paying the usual charge of $6.08 per month, which allows fifty free outgoing calls, you'll pay a rate of $3.50—which includes *no* free calls—and a bit over 7 cents for each outgoing call.

Most major metropolitan areas charge extra for each individual call outside a limited dialing area. Investigate "optional" or "specific calling" plans, which provide a special service rate for toll calls to specific areas.

On long-distance calls the basic rule is to dial direct. Every time you ask the operator for help on a long-distance call (unless you're having trouble), 50 cents is added to the charge. Person-to-person calls, of course, are more expensive than station-to-station calls. The cheapest rates are in effect between 11 p.m. and 8 a.m. For example, a ten-minute call during the day between L.A. and New York City costs $4.50, plus tax. During the lower-rate hours the same call costs $2.15.

If you direct-dial an incorrect long-distance number, call the operator, explain what happened, and tell her the number you meant to call. You won't be billed for the miscue.

Check to see whether a firm you wish to contact has a toll-free number for your area. Many do. Some national companies now have a special area code, 800. For the cost of a local call, you can, for example, reserve a Sheraton Hotel room, rent a car from Avis, or buy a ticket from Eastern Air Lines.

If you go on vacation for a period long enough to matter, ask the phone company to suspend your service, which will result in a reduced bill during your absence.

Finally, when the telephone bill arrives each month, go over it carefully to see if errors have been made in the listing of message units and long-distance calls. Computers do make mistakes (see page 62); the phone company does make adjustments.

SKIP FERDERBER

NOT MUCH YOU CAN DO ABOUT . . .

• *An information charge.* A Quebec, Canada, phone company now charges 25 cents for each call to Information (Directory Assistance). AT&T spokesmen say that one of every four operators in this country is used to give such information, and that it costs about $500 million a year. Most of the information provided is available in the phone book. So Bell companies are thinking of adding a charge.

• *Higher installation charges.* The phone companies say they lose on single-family installations, estimating actual costs at $60 per phone, much above the $10 to $15 customers are used to paying. Mountain Bell Telephone in Colorado is now charging $40 to install a residence phone if no previous telephone wiring exists in the house.

• *Increased local rates.* In several major cities (Boston, Chicago, New York) phone companies no longer offer unlimited local phone calls each month. Others around the country are filing petitions with local utility commissions to follow suit.

FOLLOW UP . . .

• If you have specific complaints, don't depend on your local utility commission. According to telephone consultant Gary Anderson, utility commissions are set up mainly to ensure that utilities are being compensated fairly, not to help the consumer.

• Unfortunately, there is no centralized source of information on private telephoning equipment. But there are several specialty magazines serving the communications industry that you can consult: *Telephony, Telephone and Engineering Management, Communication News,* and *Spectrum.*

• About the only ongoing consumer group in the field is GET (stands for gas, electric, and telephones), which runs seminars for schools and organizations on how they can keep ultility costs down. Deliciously enough, GET does not have a phone. You can *write* them at Box 355, Ansonia Station, New York, New York 10023.

• The New York Telephone Company puts out an informative, sixteen-page booklet called *73 Telephone Tips to Save You Money, Time and Worry.* It's available in English and in Spanish at no cost. Write to 140 West Street, New York, New York 10017.

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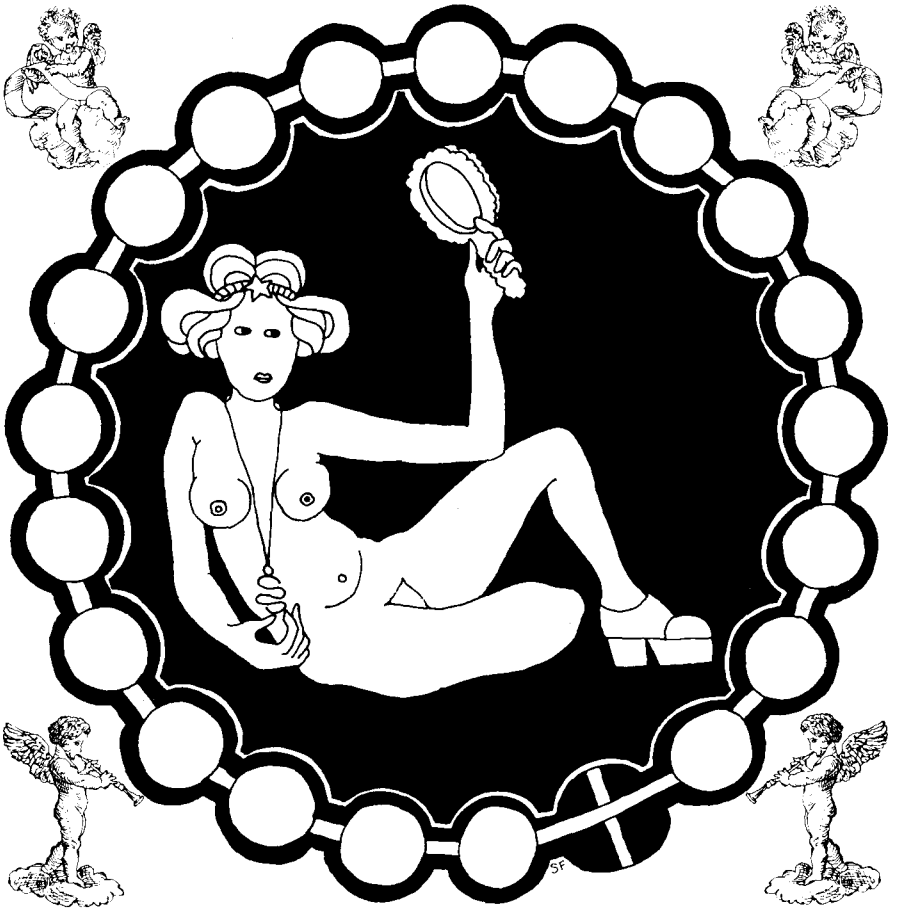
BOOKS

The Female Body: What Is It? Whose Is It?

BY GENEVIEVE STUTTAFORD

OUR BODIES, OURSELVES: A Course by and for Women. By the Boston Women's Health Book Collective. Illustrated. 288 pages. Simon and Schuster. $8.95; paperback, $2.95.



They keep telling us that anatomy is our destiny, but just what part anatomy is actually supposed to play is somehow left vague. Demystify the female body and something very special and exciting might go out of human sexuality—at least that's a typical and altogether peculiar masculine notion, as if the female shape hasn't already been undraped to sell everything from automobiles to milk. Or witness the amount of porn around, and the *Playboy* foldouts, and the flashing neon nipples advertising topless clubs. Well, one could go on and on; it doesn't really matter whether it's silicone or mammary glands, it's all of a substance if the illusion is abundantly round and provocative, and virtually any hokey thing qualifies as long as it feeds the rich and satisfying wellspring of male sexual fantasy. But mention Fallopian tubes and ovaries—any of the organs that effect real female sexuality in the reproductive process that comprises a significant portion of our physiology and dramatically alters our day-to-day sense of well-being from menses to menopause and after—and poof goes our "mystery." What could possibly be attractive about the real thing?

The cultural pressures squelching a woman's own curiosity and acceptance of her sexuality begin in infancy and are especially apparent during puberty, just when we need information most about the changes that are going on; and the pressures never let up throughout our lives. Boys growing up are luckier in a sense. Puberty is just as complicated, but male organs are at least out in the open where they can be looked at and experimented with (is this penis envy perhaps?), whereas ours are "folded up and put away," as a character in a recent Lois Gould novel remarked.

So, like well-behaved storybook children, young girls go blithely about the business of growing up, playing house, cradling dolls in some idealized vision of motherhood, never quite making the connection with swollen-belly maternity—until the shock of menstruation. Is it any wonder that menstruation is commonly called "the curse"—with the lack of preparation and the myths, superstitions, and misinformation we've been given traditionally? What else are we to think when we've been told that for one week out of every month we're delicate, that we're to shower instead of sit in a tub, that we're to be extremely cautious about exercise, and that under no circumstances are we to swim in the cold ocean? (It was never made clear to my generation growing up in the 1950s, for example, exactly what the dreadful consequences would be if the waters of the Atlantic were to touch us at the wrong time of the month—only the inference that they would be dire indeed.)

It's not really so surprising that until very recently generations of women came into adulthood feeling uncomfortable and shy about their bodies. Who along the way was there to help us sort things out? Our mothers? (Many, like my own, with six children, were naïve and confused themselves.) Our teachers? (It was expected that they would be unmarried, in which case they weren't supposed to know anything about sex anyway, and didn't.) Our doctors? As Ellen Frankfort has amply documented in her recent *Vaginal Politics*, straight answers, even to adult women, are rare; instead, most of us are given condescending, paternalistic smiles and told not to trouble our "pretty little heads."

But suddenly women have begun to understand: the solution to learning about their own sexuality is to find out about it themselves—and what a marvel, the answer is so obvious. One of the most exhilarating and important developments of the feminist movement is that women are finally working through inhibitions to exchange information about such intimate, "embarrassing" problems as menstrual tension, vaginal infections, postpartum depression. We're beginning to realize that "body education is core education." Women's health clinics are springing up around the country, a trend, incidentally, the medical profession does not exactly encourage. Charges have been made that women

Genevieve Stuttaford is an associate book review editor of SR.

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BOOKS

are practicing medicine without a license.

Since 1969 at the Boston Women's Health Clinic (in one of the most sexually repressive states in this country) a group of twelve middle-class white women between the ages of twenty-four and forty have been devoting an enormous amount of time and energy to researching medical information and writing a series of remarkable mimeographed pamphlets on all aspects of women's health. Word gets around fast, and women who had no idea where to get the pamphlets have nevertheless been very aware of them and their reputation. Now the material has been gathered together and expanded into what is surely the most comprehensive textbook we have, *Our Bodies, Ourselves*. (It's interesting that women are currently writing the most important books on female sexuality: *Free and Female* by Barbara Seaman; *Women and Madness* by Phyllis Chesler; Frankfort's *Vaginal Politics*.)

The authors of *Our Bodies* don't waste time spilling out their anger (although there's an element of that); instead, they get on with delivering exactly what the title promises. If women are to control their own lives, this kind of information is essential for making intelligent and sensible decisions; if women are to feel good about themselves, they have to learn to act rather than simply go on reacting. *Our Bodies* airs the conflicts many of us have been privately feeling: for example, about pregnancy and abortion. The book discusses abortion techniques (including the dangerous ones women use to self-abort) and the stages at which each is safest, gives addresses around the country that serve as clearinghouses for abortion information, and analyzes likely costs. The decision to have an abortion, of course, is apt to be traumatic and always will be, even after the political battle to allow abortion on demand is won. The recent Supreme Court decision appears to clear the way for only first trimester abortion. But once we have that right, we're going to need counseling and the support of friends, family, and the medical people involved, which might be difficult to come by (as in cases of rape).

Each chapter—on nutrition, self-defense, exercise, hormone therapy, venereal diseases, routine infections, sex, birth control—either has something new to say or offers a slightly different perspective on many of the things that trouble women. There's a technique demonstrating how to examine oneself by squatting over a magnifying mirror—which is as awkward as it sounds and will probably take some practice, mainly to get over a slightly silly feeling. The diagrams throughout the book couldn't be more explicit and graphic; the photographs are uninteresting.

Our Bodies is scanty on menopause and lesbianism, but so complete on childbearing that it passes by the mystique of motherhood and goes straight to the nitty-gritty of varicose veins and hemorrhoids. The authors have obviously given a lot of thought to childbearing (probably because it touches their own experiences), and

Great Hera! Sisterhood Comics

WONDER WOMAN. Introduction by Gloria Steinem. Illustrated. Unpaginated. A Ms. Book/Holt, Rinehart & Winston/ Warner. $12.95.

If she hadn't existed, we would have had to create her, this "wonder" woman who is just, brave, wise, gentle (except against bad guys), self-reliant (as everybody knows, women have to be strong to survive in a man's world), even sexy (in mufti disguise, though, she fades into the background like an appropriately modest wallflower in eyeglasses), and given to oaths like "Great Hera!" Her mother is Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons; her godmother is Diana, Goddess of the Moon (after whom she's named); her protector is Aphrodite, Goddess of Love; and all women are her sisters. Her adopted home is the United States, but she goes wherever she's needed, moving back and forth through time and space, flying her own invisible airplane at speeds up to 3,000 miles an hour, and occasionally she's accompanied by her helpers, Etta Candy and the girls from Holliday College.

Wonder Woman was conceived in 1941 by a psychologist named William Moulton Marston (who used the pen name Charles Moulton), in something of a grandiose attempt "to save the world from the hatreds of wars of men," and she continued to hold her own against other popular cartoon features, such as Captain America, Superman, and the Flash, until 1947, when Moulton died and she fell into the hands of chauvinist cartoonists who gradually changed her back to a pumpkin to match their own image of womanhood.

If Wonder Woman had any weaknesses during the six years she reigned, they were not, of course, hers, but reflected her creator's: over and over Wonder Woman almost (but never quite) loses her head and heart to a weak simp, a U.S. Army Intelligence pilot named Steve Trevor. There were lots of close calls: in one episode Steve has been given a magic ball (the double entendre, one senses, was accidental) that imbues him with almost Wonder Woman strength. "Some girls *love* to have a man stronger than they are make them do things. Do I like it?" Wonder Woman muses. "I don't know—it's sort of thrilling." But this Amazon princess, who wears metal bracelets to remind her of the days of woman's enslavement—and to deflect bullets—never forgets that "romantic love is the device men use to trick women."

Like many of the great hero persons, Wonder Woman arrived on the scene long before her time, and perhaps only now, in these enlightened days of the feminist movement, can she be appreciated in a proper perspective—which is still somewhat distorted in this book by Gloria Steinem's introduction and Phyllis Chesler's altogether too academic, men-are-afraid-of-Amazons interpretation. G. S.

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ney make useful suggestions on every spect of delivery: breathing, position, nemas, episiotomy, as well as all the ttendant emotional problems. If we omen choose to conceive (and there's o longer any question that it's our hoice), then the authors feel, quite ightly, that it's also our responsibility o decide on the manner of childbirth.

It becomes increasingly apparent that nore and more women are ready to ake control of their own lives, and the nsights and information in *Our Bodies* an be immensely useful in helping us o overcome our self-defeating timidity. t's one of those rare books that truly nakes a difference; it's so uniquely supportive that one wants to urge, cajole, nd plead with women—and men, too, nost of them equally ignorant of the emale body—to read it, study it, discuss it with friends, use it as a reference, and perhaps even lend it to a doctor. A friend reports that her fiftyish gynecologist quite on his own has already begun to teach his patients how o examine themselves in a mirror, as ne explains patiently and at length what it is they're looking at inside. The nand that rocks the cradle can also hold a speculum. □

Points of Order

THE IMPLOSION CONSPIRACY. By Louis Nizer. Illustrated. 495 pages. Doubleday. $10.

WHEN EVEN ANGELS WEPT: The Senator Joseph McCarthy Affair—A Story Without a Hero. By Lately Thomas. 654 pages. William Morrow. $12.50.

BY JOSEPH KANON

Louis Nizer tells us in the introduction to this new book, his ninth, that he began studying the trial of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg after Otto Preminger recently asked him to write a screenplay about it. It's easy to see why the movies are interested. Every criminal trial has some sort of built-in drama, and the celebrated ones (Dreyfus, Snopes, Sacco and Vanzetti, *et al.*) have more than that—they become a showdown of moral forces, *High Noon* contained within four walls.

The Rosenberg trial, probably the most famous espionage case in history, had everything. The offense was stealing the secret of the atomic bomb (specifically, plans for its triggering device); the penalty was death by electrocution; the ramifications included a rearrangement of the international balance of power. There were surprise witnesses, material evidence said to have been lost and then, after the trial, allegedly found (the celebrated console table). The story, according to the testimony, was pure cloak-and-dagger stuff, right down to the telling detail of a cut-up Jell-O box used for spy-to-spy identification (no passwords here), and the most damning accuser was Ethel's own brother—thus throwing some melodramatic family conflict into an already sizzling plot.

And the trial, of course, was only the beginning. The public outcry that followed it, and the subsequent martyrdom that enveloped the Rosenbergs, are very nearly as dramatic as the trial itself. The Rosenberg case, in short, is a natural for the movies, and the timing is just right—it is now far enough in the past to have acquired the convenient boxed-in shape of history (nothing, after all, can be done now), but still close enough to us to set off emotional reverberations. The larger issues surrounding the case are still contemporary enough to make its history suggestive (in much the same way that Z profited from the audience's knowledge of the current situation in Greece). As material, it has the good fortune to combine sensationalism with some serious moral ambiguity.

But did they do it? Did Julius and Ethel Rosenberg really conspire with Ethel's brother, David Greenglass, a machinist at the Los Alamos project, to hand over America's atomic secrets to the Russians? Since all other books on the subject have taken one position or another (the most complete attack on the guilty verdict, Walter and Miriam Schneir's 1965 *Invitation to an Inquest*, has just been reissued by Penguin), we may as well get the question out of the way immediately. Nizer tells us right off in the introduction that he has no intention of answering, that indeed, not having been present at the trial, he will not even offer an opinion. The thickets in that moral guesswork would trap anyone, and Mr. Nizer is not a successful lawyer for nothing. "The question should be," he says, " 'Do you think there was sufficient evidence warranting the jury, which sized up the witnesses, to decide that the Rosenbergs were guilty?' " Nizer slyly waits until page 486 to answer—his answer is "yes"—but oddly enough this works for him. Since no conclusion is ever offered to quibble about, the reader can concentrate on the flow of information and make up his own mind (or not, as the case may be). And by the time Nizer does make a judgment (on the trial, not the Rosenbergs), we have been led through so many loose ends, crises, and harrowing scenes that the initial question has become buried in the drama.

Nizer says the book "is an independent work, not a mere enlargement of the script," but the scenarist's stamp is

Joseph Kanon is senior book review editor of SR.

SR. RECOMMENDS

A rotating selection by the book review editors of ten particularly notable new and current books of general interest, arranged alphabetically by title.

COLLECTED POEMS: 1951–1971. By A. R. Ammons (Norton, $12.50)—An important and absorbing collection by a renewer of the central tradition of American poetry.

THE COLUMBUS TREE. By Peter S. Feibleman (Atheneum, $8.95)—A lush new novel about beautiful people at a fashionable resort in Spain losing whatever innocence they had.

DEEPER INTO MOVIES. By Pauline Kael (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $12.95)—This huge new collection of movie reviews (1969–1972), by a critic whose writing combines intelligence, enthusiasm, wit, and clarity, serves also as a record of current interaction between movies—our national theater—and our national life.

THE FRED ASTAIRE & GINGER ROGERS BOOK. By Arlene Croce (Outerbridge & Lazard, $9.95)—An intelligent text and nostalgic photographs combine in an act of homage to the team whose grace and style have become film landmarks.

HARRY S. TRUMAN. By Margaret Truman (Morrow, $10.95)—A frank and openly affectionate biography of the former President by his daughter.

NOBODY EVER DIED OF OLD AGE: In Praise of Old People, In Outrage at Their Loneliness. By Sharon R. Curtin (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $6.95)—A powerful, personal, and affecting essay about how this country regards (and treats) its elderly, how they regard themselves, and what they might do about it.

OUR BODIES, OURSELVES: A Course by and for Women. By the Boston Women's Health Book Collective (Simon and Schuster, $8.95; paperback, $2.95)—A complete medical guide for, about, and by women, and a breakthrough book of feminine consciousness.

THE POLITICS OF A GUARANTEED INCOME: The Nixon Administration and the Family Assistance Plan. By Daniel Patrick Moynihan (Random House, $15)—This well-written, detailed account of the fate of the most far-reaching social legislation proposed since the New Deal provides a rare inside view of the workings of government and the pressure of politics.

THE TAKING OF PELHAM ONE TWO THREE. By John Godey (Putnam, $6.95)—The "impossible" hijacking of a New York subway train is the chilling event from which all else follows in this first-rate, crackingly paced suspense.

THE UNKNOWN ORWELL. By Peter Stansky and William Abrahams (Knopf, $8.95)—This first volume of a major biography of George Orwell covers the first thirty years of his life—from school days at Eton to down and out in Paris and London.

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WIT TWISTER NO. 319

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

I saw them slaughter — — — — — for food.

Each ate his — — — — — right after.

I watched them — — — — — a lamb that stood

Naked, shivering, meek, and good.

My heart still — — — — — their laughter.

Medora Carpenter
Hollywood, Calif.

Answer on page 77

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1542

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1542 will be found on page 77.

(GLHSA RBQI) MUA PHPA IQPMUL JARQBA UA SBGVL UHL RHBLM JBAGMU, PQ IGP IGPGTAL UHL GRRGHBL GL VAOO GL G MBAA SQAL.

TAQBTA JABPGBS LUGV

BOOKS

all over the narrative. One can fairly see the credits roll by as the scene opens on March 6, 1951, with all the characters assembled in the federal courtroom in New York. Nizer acts like a voice-over, explaining who does what, how the trial is to be conducted, and what the background is. His special gift as a popular writer has always been to make the legal process seem exciting (who could forget the "Rum and Coca-Cola" plagiarism case in *My Life in Court*, or his account of the Quentin Reynolds vs. Westbrook Pegler affair?), and here he has material virtually ready-made. Consider the protagonists: prosecuting attorney Irving H. Saypol ("his was a one-track mind, and the track led to the death house"), Judge Irving R. Kaufman (who said in his sentencing speech that the Rosenbergs' action in giving Russia the bomb "caused, in my opinion, the Communist aggression in Korea"), defense attorney Emanuel Bloch, who became so emotionally involved that he took care of the Rosenberg children during the trial and raised funds for them afterwards. (He died of a heart attack several months after the electrocution.) Because of his dedication, Bloch is the favorite of the book, although Nizer is not reluctant to point out what he feels were mistakes—chief among them, allowing the Rosenbergs to take the Fifth Amendment (particularly since Communist affiliation was admitted in other ways) in a climate that virtually ensured an interpretation of guilt. But his account of Bloch's actions, and his step-by-step interpretation of the record, has the effect of planting the reader squarely in the courtroom, ready for the next revelation. Occasionally he gets carried away. When the Rosenbergs are brought up for sentencing, "they hastened to the prison elevator, their hearts beating wildly."

Nizer understandably concentrates on the trial itself—the effect is that of reading a brief over a lawyer's shoulder as he explains it to you—but the most dramatic moments of the book occur afterwards, during the years on Death Row as the Rosenbergs went through appeal after appeal while outside their case had become a *cause célèbre*, chiefly, though by no means exclusively, because of the extraordinary death penalty. Nizer skims fairly lightly over the public response, presenting in capsule form the demonstrations throughout the world (one in Paris was so unruly that the riot squad made 877 arrests), the sale of the "Death House Letters," the public rallies at which the Rosenberg children were featured, the pleas for clemency (from Einstein and the Pope, among others). But he scarce misses a prison scene, and no wonde these are truly heart-breaking, scen so powerful that they lift themselv above Nizer's often schmaltzy pros When the children—Michael, nine, an Robby, five—visit Sing Sing for th first time, Robby asks: "Can we see th electric chair?" Michael, obviously u set, stands withdrawn until his fath begins to sing a Yiddish folk song "Robby loved the song and jumped o his father's lap. Michael stood aloo Julius held out his hand, as if th music was a string by which he coul pull his son to him. Michael began t sing hesitantly and moved toward hi father. As he touched him, his voic

Ethel and Julius Rosenberg being taken to prison after their conviction, from The Implosion Conspiracy

grew stronger. He came close. His father put his arms gently around his shoulder. Michael leaned his head on his father. Both closed their eyes. The prison surroundings disappeared. They were transported to the past when they were home. They had escaped on a carpet of music."

The scenes detailing the Rosenbergs' love for each other are equally moving (when they were finally allowed to see each other in prison, they embraced so passionately that they were handcuffed and not allowed to touch again) and most of all, of course, at the end: "At 7:20 p.m., the guard moved up behind Julius and put his hand on his shoulder. He knew that he had to be prepared for his death at eight. He put two fingers to his lips and pressed them toward her on the mesh screen. She did the same. They pressed so hard that the tips of their fingers bled as they touched through the mesh. This was their good-bye kiss." Nor does Nizer spare us the electric chair—we

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are presented with the jerking bodies, the singed hair, the smell of involuntary urine. "Thin smoke rose from her scalp and turned blue in the overhead light, as it flattened out in an ugly cake against the skylight overhead." Ethel, we are informed, did not die after the usual three shocks and had to be subjected to two more.

These are so horrible that one wonders why Nizer included them—were they simply too effective to be left out? —because they serve, in an ironic way, to undermine the book. (Certainly his statement in the next chapter that "the death penalty was unfortunate from every viewpoint" seems, at best, cool.) The trouble is that Nizer has attempted to write a dramatic narrative without a point of view, and it is precisely at the point of reader contact with the characters that the grafting of scenario and lofty legal analysis is least satisfying. This is more than a question of did-they-or-didn't-they, which no one could seriously expect Nizer to answer; it is an instance of narrative spinning wildly without direction on the momentum of its own events. The Rosenberg case, in a sense, blows up in Nizer's detached hands because it is still too emotionally charged, too open-ended, too overweighted with issues beyond the trial itself. Nizer's hero is really the legal process, and he reserves for it his most lyrical prose. A judge's charge to the jury "is like a powerful stream washing away the impurities"; and "Summations roll like hills and valleys. The lawyer recites detail which gives momentum to rush up to a peak. There he holds forth triumphantly, descends to lesser matters, and gathers himself for another dash to the top." It seems to hold for Nizer the fascination that chess obviously holds for Bobby Fischer—a forum of infinite possibilities for perfection—and when he talks about the system of checks and balances, he has the admirable tone of a civics teacher who believes what he's saying. But most people's concept of the law, for better or worse, is neither so elevated nor so dispassionate (nor, perhaps, even so realistic), and the Rosenberg case, in any event, is an odd sort of medium in which to trace its convolutions. We keep wondering about that ugly cake of smoke over Ethel's head. The Rosenberg case involved more applications to the courts (twenty-three, including seven to the Supreme Court) and was reviewed by more judges (112) than any other criminal case in American history. Maybe its very complexity and tenacity make it ideally suited for Nizer's legal exposition, but that doesn't make the result any more satisfying. Nizer has done such a good job of dramatizing it for popular consumption that the ironic end result may well be to start people wondering all over again.

If Nizer has taken a detached legalistic approach to an emotional subject, Lately Thomas, in *When Even Angels Wept*, has taken an absurdly objective one. To be objective about the Joseph McCarthy affair is a little like being objective about acne. Thomas gets around this in what I guess he thinks held morally answerable to laws of Carthy as a "pirate." "A man cannot be is a novel metaphor: he sees Joe Mc- which he is incognizant; hence the pirate, entertaining no scruples whatsoever, is freed of their encumbrance." Reading this, I felt somewhat like one of those victims at a McCarthy hearing—to reply at all would put you on the same level of inanity. From this opening gambit (titled "The Argument of the Play," no less) the book runs swiftly into whatever downhill space is left. McCarthy emerges, for all Thomas's attempts to make us see his energy, drive, and backslapping amorality, as a little creep with an eye to the main chance—and since that's what we thought in the first place, it's hard to see what purpose this "reappraisal" serves. The McCarthy hysteria is also ripe movie material (there hasn't been anything good since *The Manchurian Candidate*), but you'd never know it from this book—Thomas manages to miss most of the drama of the witch hunts and virtually all of the political tragedy that attended them. This is one of those hopelessly well-meaning, labored, padded books that never get off the ground, much less rise above their pretensions. There are introductory chapter quotes from Shakespeare and such chapter titles as "Then Ho! For the Spanish Main!" The book ends with Nixon's visit to Peking, while "in Appleton, Wisconsin, the snow whorls on McCarthy's grave danced eerily. His ghost was not still." Thomas has taken one of the most important political periods in our history and reduced it, in 640 never-ending pages, to stuff like that. □

A Trashing Bore

AMERICAN MISCHIEF. By Alan Lelchuk. 501 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $8.95.

BY ELIOT FREMONT-SMITH

American Mischief, a first novel by a young assistant professor at Brandeis University, is one of those success-story books—the kind (and they are much rarer than one is apt to think) that through concentrated planning and a good deal of luck enjoy a lot of newsy publicity and fashionable chatter and invested money well before their public launchings (usually called "literary *events*") as physical, purchasable objects with printed pages that you and I might actually *read*.

American Mischief was known about in the book trade last summer; the paperback rights had been bought for a rumored fortune, the book clubs were talking about almost nothing else (it's the current Book-of-the-Month Club selection), and Philip Roth, who doesn't spread his praise lightly, had decided to go all out for it. "A brilliant and original comedy," he wrote in *Esquire*, "on the subject of the immediate present—what so disheartens Bellow in *Mr. Sammler's Planet*, what angers Greer in *The Female Eunuch*, what causes Malamud to cry 'Mercy' for half a page at the conclusion of *The Tenants*. . . . No novelist has written with such knowlege and eloquence of the consequences of carnal passion in Massachusetts since *The Scarlet Letter*."

As if all that weren't enough, others clambered aboard the bandwagon with enthusiastic references to *The Possessed*, *Look Homeward, Angel*, and *The Naked and the Dead*. Philip Roth, Saul Bellow, Germaine Greer, Bernard Malamud, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Fyodor Dostoevsky, Thomas Wolfe, Norman Mailer–Wow! That's practically everybody except Shakespeare and Dick Tracy. And Lady Luck. But she was not far behind; in fact, she arrived in the form of Norman Mailer, who, with lawyers assembled, protested in earshot of a newspaper reporter about a scene in the book in which he is, by name, buggered by a pistol and shot to death through the anus. That happened in September; on October 18 the *New York Times* ran the story under the heading, "Mailer Finds Book Not an Advertisement for Himself"—which, if there is a heaven for publishers, is the kind of advertisement for a first novel they would look for there. So, by the time the book was actually published four months later, Alan Lelchuk was hardly your typical unknown first-time-out author. Everybody was slavering—to get in on the praise, or join the kill.

Well, ancient history; but worth outlining here for several reasons. First, it's a rather dramatic publishing story, interesting for its own sake, and as yet unfinished. Second, it has some interesting and disturbing ramifications. Financially, the book is a success; barring idiocy, there is no way that the publisher and the author can fail to make money. That was settled long before publication; it is, take my word, most unusual in the case of a first novel. In fact, it does not happen except in the case of a book that is very clearly a known commercial "property"

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BOOKS

for whatever reason, and/or of genuine literary and intellectual quality. *American Mischief* is no exception: it has genuine literary and intellectual quality. But it also has had, because of all the chatter and money and scandal involved in it, a great handicap. And that is simple bloodlust: after all the noise, if the book didn't measure up to the highest standards (a Dostoevsky, no less), it would be attacked. And attacked it has been, with all the proper genuflections to disappointment and, behind that, with a certain amount of (only human) satisfaction.

There is a leveling device, or fallacy, that is operative in cases like this, not only (but most visibly) among critics, but among us all. Knocking someone off the pedestal is as natural as spitting; preventing a newcomer from getting onto the pedestal is more than natural—at times it seems practically an imperative, like a sneeze. The point is, given armor, one looks for chinks. Alan Lelchuk, as a writer, comes with armor that is positively glittering; but it does have chinks, and, because of all the early adulation and promotion and before-the-fact rewards, the instinct is apt to be too strongly for the jugular. Hence, in part at least, the early reviews, laudatory in attention and space, negative in opinion.

Now—because that's all true, but far too simple—suppose such a work of literature comes along and one finds it simply, literally, unreadable. That is, one finds that little chunks of it are aptly phrased, acutely insightful, delightfully intelligent and clever and funny (this guy is no hack), and even fashionably "relevant" (a dopey word, by the way)—but one simply cannot, no matter how hard one tries, sit down and read the whole thing through, from beginning to end (Lelchuk's novel is 501 closely packed pages). What then? Is one simply *refusing* to read? Or is it that, with all its merits, the book really is unreadable? The two really are inseparable: one comes to a book of this sort, not from out of nowhere, but with a lot of paraphernalia, some of which is outlined above. There are expectations, in this case very high. And this has something to do with whether a book seems readable or not. *American Mischief* comes as a new, ready-made classic; it turns out to be, among other things, good and bad, immensely repetitive and boring. We have all stumbled through books that are boring and thought the better of ourselves for doing so, but this is a book that, above all else, was supposed to be *anything* but boring. In sum, the expectations that have been instilled for *American Mischief* by calculation and happenstance—all quite outside the book itself—that have made the book a success in the first place and brought it to everybody's attention, have also had the greatest part in doing it in. The other part, I am afraid, does—and at last—belong to the author.

American Mischief is clever, funny, and fashionable. It is set in the environs of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and everything is named, from the very real Harvard Square restaurant, Chez Dreyfus, to the murdered writer, Norman Mailer. Or almost everything: much of the action takes place at Cardozo College, an apparent misspelling of Brandeis University; and there are various luminaries (Lionel Trilling, Paul Good-

Daisy & Co.

A SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE BICYCLE. By Robert A. Smith. Illustrated. 269 pages. American Heritage/McGraw-Hill. $9.95.

BICYCLING: A History. By Frederick Alderson. Illustrated. 214 pages. Praeger. $7.95.

RICHARD'S BICYCLE BOOK. By Richard Ballantine. Illustrated. 249 pages. Ballantine. Paperback, $1.95.

"These bladder-wheeled bicycles," thundered a preacher from his pulpit in Baltimore one Sunday morning in 1896, "are diabolical devices of the demon of darkness. They are contrivances to trap the feet of the unwary and skin the nose of the innocent. They are full of guile and deceit. When you think you have broken one to ride and subdued its wild and Satanic nature, behold it bucketh you off in the road and teareth a great hole in your pants."

Such fulmination against the bike was, of course, already a lost cause by 1896. There had been various bike-like contraptions for half a century, and several intrepids had even pedaled around the world; bike fever set in in earnest with John Dunlop's development of the pneumatic tire. By 1896 tens of thousands of Americans were on wheels, and one Sunday in August two years after the Baltimore sermon, an estimated 100,000 cyclists left New York City for the countryside.

All of this comes from Robert A. Smith's fascinating and delightful *A Social History of the Bicycle,* which

covers virtually everything, from the early development of the bicycle and the industry, through debates over health and morals, the clothing revolution, economic and social effects, the campaign for better roads, military uses of the bike, the crazies and the racers, bike clubs (just about everybody got into this act: there was a First Chinese Bicycling Club of Philadelphia and a Socialist Wheelmen's Club, and even the Salvation Army sported a mounted troop), to the eclipse of bike fever with the coming of the automobile, and its present renewal.

The author knows both his bikes and his social history, and his writing combines scholarship, anecdote, and high good humor. The book is full of pictures, and great care has gone into its design (it is printed in sepia)—altogether, a most handsome and satisfying volume. Frederick Alderson's *Bicycling: A History* suffers by comparison: it is a workmanlike job, covering much of the same territory (but from a British viewpoint)—good, but not as appealing as Mr. Smith's happy history.

Richard's Bicycle Book is the latest in a spate of recently published manuals on biking and bike repair and maintenance, and one of the best. The coverage is comprehensive, the writing literate and personal, the advice clear and explicit (this is much appreciated: too many manuals get all bland and vague when it comes to naming names). The book is decorated with old engravings; more important, there are numerous lucid, detailed maintenance drawings by John Batchelor that are, for once, sensibly placed next to the text pertaining to them. A well-thought-out book, and a bargain. E. F.-S.

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man) who are not named but who are easily identifiable by those "in the know." There are references to Marx, Hegel, Freud, and the Charles River, so everybody should be quickly clued in that this is no dumb-bunny story.

Aside from all this, there are two main (presumably fictional) characters: a dean named Bernard Kovell and a leftist rebel student named Lenny Pincus. Pincus is writing the book; but he includes in it great portions of Kovell's unpublished diary. Kovell is, on the side, an incredibly active and successful libertine, and much of the book is given over to his self-admiring descriptions of various conquests, all smacking of tab "A" in slot "B" porno with special emphasis on anal eroticism. Pincus admires this in the dean; in fact, in a variety of ways the book can stand as a definitive monograph on feces—the meanings of, the metaphors about, enticements to, their political and literary transcendental possibilities, etc.

Okay. But Pincus, while taking a tip from Kovell sexually and going and doing likewise, does not approve, when push comes to shove (as it assuredly does), of Kovell's politics. Kovell, alas, is a "liberal" politically; he can't get with Pincus when Pincus and his student gang stage a campus riot and trash the Fogg Art Museum and kidnap some leading intellectuals and shoot up poor old Norman. Pincus, of course, pays for some of his sins; he is arrested, goes to jail, has an earache, cries (on the last page), "It hurts. It hurts!" Kovell? Who knows? Presumably, he's back attacking chicks.

That's the story. It is, of course, fleshed out with a lot of sex and cruelty and violence and names, but that's essentially it. Plus the irony. Now the irony is very rich indeed: the viewpoint is Pincus's, through which we see, ironically, Kovell's, and then, way back, through the mists, Alan Lelchuk's. *His* viewpoint turns out to be—oh, say, akin to Katherine Anne Porter's in *Ship of Fools*, or to Shakespeare's "What fools these mortals be"; you get the idea. Actually, it's not so much a viewpoint as 501 pages of raised eyebrow.

So: a slam. Had anticipation been less lofty, reaction might have been more gentle. I say "might"; one never knows in these things. Alan Lelchuk is a writer gifted with intelligence, wit, daring, and, no doubt about it, an eye for the main chance. The book is a publishing phenomenon. Had it been condensed to 150 less self-indulgent pages, it might have been far better; it also might never have been a book club selection or enjoyed Roth's praise or Mailer's disgruntlement, or been heard about ever again. Life is unfair. □

SHORTER REVIEWS

"JOHNNY, WE HARDLY KNEW YE": Memories of John Fitzgerald Kennedy. By Kenneth P. O'Donnell and David F. Powers, with Joe McCarthy. 434 pages. Little, Brown. $8.95.

O'Donnell and Powers (dubbed the Irish Mafia by the Washington press corps) came into the Kennedy circle shortly before the 1946 Massachusetts congressional campaign—O'Donnell, a friend of Robert Kennedy at Harvard, and Powers, a precinct worker from a three-decker, lace-curtain Irish tenement neighborhood—and stayed on to become confidants, amanuenses, and general factotums. Predictably, this latest obbligato to the Camelot score—indeed, the title is taken from a folk tune—adds little of importance to the Kennedy legend (what more can be learned from yet another rehash of who said what to whom during the Air Force I flight back from Dallas?), and much of what they relate is downright embarrassing and personal (the President knelt for prayers at bedtime) or dubious (Kennedy confided to O'Donnell his intention to withdraw from Vietnam following his reelection). But the less familiar material is lively and fun: the early Massachusetts campaigns against a cast of characters that included the likes of "Onions" Burke, "Knocko" McCormack, and James Michael Curley. The authors' tone throughout is misty-eyed and nostalgic; clearly, the Kennedy era was the high point for both men. The book has the flavor of a rap between a couple of Irish pols having one last drink in a South Boston tavern after a particularly grand St. Patrick's Day parade—and who can fault them for not quite yet wanting to pack it in and quietly go home?

MR. REPUBLICAN: A Biography of Robert A. Taft. By James T. Patterson. Illustrated. 749 pages. Houghton Mifflin. $12.50.

In public he was stiff, curt, not at ease; in private, warm, hard-working, devoted to his invalid wife. He was the son of William Howard Taft, President and Chief Justice of the United States, and the grandson of Alphonso Taft, a judge, Secretary of War, Attorney General, and Minister to Austria-Hungary and Russia. He was known as brilliant ("the best mind in Washington," his enemies

Answer to Wit Twister, page 74: hares, share, shear, hears.

Answer to Literary Crypt, page 74: *(Aside from) the nine months before he draws his first breath, no man manages his affairs as well as a tree does.*
George Bernard Shaw

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"His finest book"—*Time*

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—Paul Riesman,
N.Y. Times Book Review

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BOOKS

said, "until he made it up"), a man of principle (though principle got severely bent during the McCarthy years), the country's leading conservative (though he championed public housing and federal aid to education). This biography of Robert Alphonso Taft (1889–1953), based on his papers, is long, sympathetic, appropriately traditional—and often fascinating. Taft got his start in Ohio politics in the 1920s; in 1938 he won the first of three terms in the U.S. Senate and quickly became a national, and controversial, figure. Three times he tried for the presidency—and the third try, a sure thing that became ultimately a losing battle against Eisenhower during the bitter 1952 Republican convention, is of course the book's dramatic highpoint. James T. Patterson writes felicitously and makes the most of an abundance of material; the result is a political biography that will doubtless be considered definitive for some time to come.

THE INCOMPLEAT FOLKSINGER. By Pete Seeger. Edited by Jo Metcalf Schwartz. Illustrated. 596 pages. $12.50.

Part history of the labor movement and of the civil rights struggle, part textbook on musical instruments and how to play them, part autobiography, and part survey of folk traditions—this seemingly casual, incongruous collection of Pete Seeger's pieces from *Sing Out* magazine, his travel letters from around the world, and just about anything else the troubadour finds is worth talking about, has a special cohesiveness of its own as it unfurls the vast scope of this thoughtful, unself-consciously decent human being. Seeger, who was born in 1919, the son of a musicologist at the Juilliard School, dropped out of Harvard in the early 1940s to hit the road with Woody Guthrie (his reminiscences of Guthrie and Huddie Ledbetter alone make this book worth reading). By the late 1940s, after army service in the South Pacific, Seeger was back in Greenwich Village at the Almanac House commune organizing hootenannies, singing with the Weavers, recording hits such as "Tzena Tzena" and "On Top of Old Smoky," and, something of a pied piper during the 1950s, turning on straight Ivy League students to the educational value of hitchhiking across the country. Throughout, Seeger's sympathies have remained in the popularist tradition; yet, like his own definition of what makes a folk song, he is also a "process," always in continual change. Whether he's writing about social issues, or discussing recent songwriters such as Bob Dylan and Malvina Reynolds, or worrying about the commercial co-optation of protest songs, or assessing recent history (e.g., his own problems with the House Committee on Un-American Activities), or analyzing pornography (the difference between bawdy and dirty is the difference between seduction and rape), or arguing against political censorship—Seeger's book is a marketplace of ideas eminently worth shopping at.

REFLECTIONS ON THE HUMAN CONDITION. By Eric Hoffer. 97 pages. Harper & Row. $4.95.

LOVIN TOUCH III. By Dick Summer. Illustrated. Unpaginated. Random House. Paperback, $2.95.

These two books are perhaps unfairly paired; yet their authors are both very popular, and, in purpose, their books represent two sides of the same coin—and one does mean coin. Eric Hoffer is the deep-think worker-philosopher, and *Reflections on the Human Condition* is his latest collection of the Hofferistic "wry epigram and the icy aphorism." Dick Summer is the commercial bard out to unseat Rod McKuen, and *Lovin* (no *g*) *Touch III*, illustrated with gauzy photographs by Steve Hansen, is *his* latest collection of sugary prose set as verse. Both books seem designed for the gift market: the first for older people to give to younger people for the stern wisdom it is supposed to contain; the second for older people to give to younger people for the companionable safety it affords—lovin' thoughts that look to be slightly erotic and aren't at all. Examples: Hoffer: "It is a malady of our age that the young are so busy teaching us that they have no time left to learn." Summer: "Excitement/Vibrates on tips and edges . . ./The surfaces . . ./Of people/And things." Hoffer: "When thought is prompted by a penchant for weightiness and high purpose the result is often a blend of pompousness and hysteria." Summer: "I'd like to make you/Small enough/To carry around/In my pocket." And that's a little of how it is, cash register-wise, in the age of Aquarius. □

SOLUTION OF THIS ISSUE'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 2027)

STEWART UDALL:
ROBERT FROST('s *Last Adventure*)

Men who create power make an indispensable contribution to the nation's greatness. But the men who question power make a contribution just as indispensable, especially when that questioning is disinterested. For they determine whether we use power or power uses us.

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MUSIC

Boston "Bride" in the Half-Round

BY IRVING KOLODIN

Almost every city in America has an old, spacious movie theater that could serve for opera as well as the Aquarius (né Orpheum) in which the Opera Company of Boston began another season in late January with Smetana's *The Bartered Bride*. Unfortunately, no other city has a Sarah Caldwell, whose flair for improvisation has converted a regional activity of limited resources into a national institution of unlimited interest.

In the whole world there is only one such semi-divine Sarah, who has made a life of an art, and an art of a life consecrated to opera. Unlike those who consider the setting more important than the gem, Miss Caldwell believes that making an exciting experience of *The Bartered Bride* in so-so surroundings is more important than finding an exciting place in which to give a so-so performance. Having been preempted from the old Back Bay Theater, where she did an up-and-down presentation of Schoenberg's *Moses und Aaron* a few years ago, she has exceeded herself in the old Orpheum, a building even more lacking in stage depth and side space. Not only are the proscenium boxes once again linked to the playing area by improvised staircases, but the walls around and above them have been covered by screens for double benefit. One, they obscure the original "murals"; two, they provide reflecting surfaces for projections that carry out a unified scheme with those used on stage.

The result, if not Cinerama, is certainly panorama. With performers popping in and out of entrees to the boxes, there is a constantly changing vista of Bohemian life engaging the eye on either side of the proscenium, and choristers lined up halfway to the balcony. The outcome is a bartered bride in the half-round that has been almost all enjoyment to the pleasure of two full houses. The girthy (and earthy) Miss Caldwell, who serves as her own producer, stage director, and conductor, has implemented the attractive scenic scheme of Lester Polakov and the authentic costuming of Jan Skalicky with an exuberant, engaging exposition of Smetana's melodic masterwork. If there is a weak link in the Caldwell chain of command, it is her endless inventive endeavor to make fun out of opera. It is to this that one owes the inspired idea of engaging Emmett Kelly, Sr., to wander in and out of the action in his ineffable characterization of Weary Willy.

This is eminently in order, as the action includes a non-stage circus troupe in Act III—enormously expanded in this version by dancing dogs, jugglers, acrobats, etc.—of which Willy is a star performer. When he sits by *à la* late Bert Wheeler, munching on a cabbage leaf while a character intones one of the more mournful ditties in the score, it may be the first time in operatic history that a good singer (James Atherton as Vasek) has been upstaged by a performer who never utters a sound.

For this brilliant bit of fooling, however, there is a price to be paid. That is Miss Caldwell's idea of prefacing the action with a capsule review, through projections, of Czechoslovakia's recent unhappy history. Not only is this superfluous, but it tends to obscure Smetana's beautiful opening pages describing the pastoral village. It brings on the circus at once as a kind of Bohemian *Pagliacci* and otherwise clutters up the scene.

Once Caldwell, the conductor, regains the audience's attention from Caldwell, the producer, however, the pleasures and pangs of Smetana's characters are re-created in all their endearing humanity. A central figure in the action is the beauteous Mary Costa, as Marenka—the bride who is bartered—of lovely mien, vivacity, and variety of humors appropriate to her plight. It is a characterization somewhat overweighted on the tragic side, both in action and in voice. But she counters it in Act II with a flirtatious enticement of the stuttering Vasek, who is intended to be her groom, rather than the handsome Jeník she loves. This duet brings out the best of Miss Costa's vocal effort—bright, clear, and just right for the music.

Mary Costa

For the other key characters, Miss Caldwell chooses, unconventionally, from the Prague National Theater. Neither Jaroslav Horácek, as Kecal, nor Miroslav Svejda, as Jeník, has more than a passable voice to offer. Both, however, have the appearance and the indoctrination to fulfill their places in the drama, even a share of the verbal resources to deliver the text in somewhat battered English. In the famous scene in which Jeník barters his bride-to-be for a tidy sum (knowing all the while that the contract permits him to claim her), Miss Caldwell has one more trick up her sizable sleeve. Jeník suddenly says, "We must speak in private. Do you know the language of my native village?" and, at Kecal's nodded affirmative, they romp off into Czech. This may be the first time in this country that the bartering is heard as Smetana wrote it. For decades, the preferred language has been German, until a more recent trend to English (on the infrequent occasions when the great work has been heard at all).

Vlasitimil Jílek, another *importé* from Prague, imparts authenticity to the dancing of the furiante and the polka by members of the Boston Ballet Company. Among the performers of the smaller roles are Fred Teschler (Krusina) and Jan Curtis (Ludmila) as the parents agreeable to having their daughter marry Vasek sight unseen, and Harold Enns (Mícha) and Dorothy Cole (Háta), who discover Jeník to be Mícha's long-lost son by his first wife. Linda Houpt, a recent Opera Company of Boston Auditions winner, performs a most agreeable Esmeralda. Osbourne McConathy also deserves a nod of recognition for the excellent singing by the chorus he trained.

With all the buildings erupting on the Boston skyline, some communal effort on behalf of Miss Caldwell's operatic abilities is obviously in order. A nice, clean, up-to-date opera house might conceivably outshine the Caldwell gifts for improvisation, but the risk is well worth taking. □

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FILM

"Deep Throat" Is Hard to Swallow

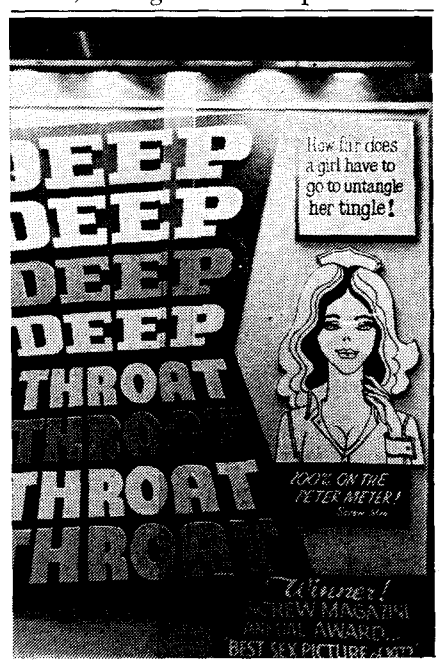
BY THOMAS MEEHAN

Aside from Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris*, which I haven't yet seen, the most talked-about movie in America today is neither a major-studio Hollywood release nor a critically acclaimed import from Europe but is instead a cheapie hard-core porno flick called *Deep Throat*. Since opening last June in New York, at a West 49th Street grind house known as the New Mature World Theater, *Deep Throat* has grossed nearly a million dollars from moviegoers who paid $5 apiece to get in. And it has made another $2.5 million or so from showings in more than seventy other theaters around the country. Eventually, in fact, *Deep Throat* is expected to earn around $6 million for its producers, a figure that is especially impressive when one learns that the picture was made in six days for a total outlay of $25,000.

But perhaps even more interesting than its enormous earnings is the curious sociological phenomenon, dubbed "porno chic," that *Deep Throat* has given rise to in New York. Among those who've reportedly taken in *Deep Throat* in recent weeks are Johnny Carson, Mike Nichols, Sandy Dennis, Ben Gazzara, Jack Nicholson, Suzy Knickerbocker, Truman Capote, Earl Wilson, and the entire staff of the *New York Times Book Review*. Each evening, as serpentine lines of giggling moviegoers wait to get into *Deep Throat*, chauffeured limousines pull up in front of the New Mature World Theater to disgorge gaggles of New York's wealthiest and most famous people. In the world of Elaine's, Jimmy's, and the Cat Pack, in short, *Deep Throat* is required viewing. In the past, of course, the In crowd wouldn't have been caught embalmed at a pornographic movie, nor would most of the rest of us—such films were only for balding middle-aged men in raincoats who slunk furtively into seedy porno houses when they hoped that nobody was looking.

Perhaps it's not surprising that *Deep Throat* should have been the film to bring about porno chic, for the picture has a good deal going for it, particularly when compared with other pornographic movies. In the first place, *Deep Throat* is professionally made—in 35-mm. color and with high-fidelity synchronized sound. And so—unlike most other dirty movies, which are made with jerky, hand-held 16-mm. cameras and without sound—it has the glossy look of a real movie that might have been turned out by Warner Brothers or MGM. Also, the picture has been skillfully edited and even has an original musical score. *Deep Throat*, moreover, is not a soft-core cheat in which sexual acts are simulated—indeed, it scarcely could be more hard-core. Though the film is only sixty-two minutes long, it graphically depicts no fewer than fifteen sexual acts, including vaginal intercourse, sodomy, fellatio, and cunnilingus. Nothing is left to the imagination; in its clinical close-ups of sexual goings-on *Deep Throat* struck me as a picture that might have been made either as a training film for the Masters and Johnson Institute or as a medical-school classroom movie for students of gynecology. Then, too, there's the fact that, unlike most other dirty movies, *Deep Throat* has a rudimentary plot of sorts, having to do with an anguished young lady who is unable to derive pleasure from sex until she discovers that she is an anatomical freak whose clitoris is in her throat rather than where it properly belongs. And thus she is at last able to find sexual satisfaction through the practice of oral sex. Really. I'm not making any of this up.

Set in Miami, where it was filmed on location early last year by a group of New Yorkers led by Gerard Damiano, a long-time writer-producer-director of pornographic films, *Deep Throat* is basically supposed to be a comedy, but its unprintable jokes are on the preadolescent level of the infinitely dirty stories that fourth-grade schoolboys swap in the playground at recess. And most of the picture, which is funny only when it doesn't intend to be, is played in the broad, knowing manner of a badly written and performed burlesque sketch. A great deal of the film, too, is excruciatingly boring—its sixty-two minutes seem at times like sixty-two hours.



Porno chic: Making the Cat Pack purr

So why has *Deep Throat* been such a smashing box-office success? Mainly, I think, because of the performance given by its star, a twenty-one-year-old "party girl" from Bryan, Texas, who calls herself Linda Lovelace. In contrast to most actresses appearing in pornographic movies, who are dumpy, ugly, and fairly long in the tooth, Miss Lovelace is at once youthful, passably pretty, and has a lithe and supple body. And while she evidences not the slightest talent for acting, she does possess what no less an authority than the *New York Times* has termed "a virtuosic talent for fellatio." As a matter of fact, when it comes to oral sex, she appears to have mastered a trick that one has previously associated only with swordswallowers. And the main reason why Mike Nichols, Truman Capote, *et al.* have been flocking to *Deep Throat* has been to witness this astonishing and freakish trick, which Miss Lovelace performs five times in the picture. Certainly, there's little else of much interest in *Deep Throat*, which is essentially a dumb and distasteful bore.

A number of New Yorkers have latterly been hastening to *Deep Throat* because there is a chance that the picture may soon be shut down by the authorities. That is, it has been officially charged on two counts of promoting obscenity, and a ten-day, non-jury trial was held in New York last December before Criminal Court Judge John J. Tyler to determine whether *Deep Throat* is indeed legally obscene. As the moment, Judge Tyler is mulling over more than a thousand pages of expert testimony given at the trial by psychiatrists and others, and he is expected to hand down his decision within the next few weeks. No matter how Judge Tyler rules, however, the producers of *Deep Throat* have already got a second Linda Lovelace porno vehicle before the cameras, budgeted at $70,000 and entitled—what else?—*Deep Throat II*. □

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OVERSEAS JOBS—Europe, South America, Australia, Far East, etc. 2,000 openings all trades. Construction, Office, Engineering, Sales, etc. $700 to $3,000 month. Expenses paid. Free Information. Write Overseas Jobs, International Airport, Box 536-U, Miami, Florida 33148.

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TEACHERS' VACATION EXCHANGE—Listings available teacher homes California, New York. Dept. A, P.O. Box 4427, Pasadena, California 91106.

(Continued on page 84)

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(Continued from page 83)

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

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Furnished/Unfurnished

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MAGNIFICENTLY FURNISHED. Exquisite details throughout; marble floors and baths. Custom stereo system and variable custom lighting throughout.

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ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND SPECTACULAR homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining room with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate in which the owner's investment is $585,000. The asking price is $495,000. Liberal financing is available.

ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

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SEVENTEEN OR ENTERING TWELFTH GRADE? Th Farm and Wilderness Foundation offers places in cou selor apprentice groups. Learn leadership skills, wh makes people tick. Accept challenge of rugged wor wilderness trips, self-understanding. Varied summer und Quaker leadership.

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Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Janet Elliott Cameron

No. 2027

DEFINITIONS

A. North American water hemlock with deadly poisonous, tuberlike roots (2 wds.)

B. Trifling

C. Calmness

D. Large sailing ship (colloq.)

E. Reliable

F. Turned up, as the nose

G. Fermented beverage made by the Apache Indians (var. sp.)

H. Related through having had the same mother

I. Dampen

J. English novelist, author of sensitive novels about borderline psychological states: *Beyond the Glass* (2 wds.)

K. Chinese stone chime

L. Italian monetary units

WORDS

164 133 47 103 115 2 120 7 208 198 34
99 66 77

11 79 211 13 168 25 102 140

131 82 107 147 125 46 1 24 167 181

15 154 166 26 112 127 18 76 199 104

19 113 172 195 9 48 65 27 100

62 173 108 8 6 83 28 132 202

86 109 68 205 160 31

215 148 30 169 105 3 183

182 134 29 17 217 171 69

116 78 73 110 89 157 33 4 192 136
184 170

35 57 194 5 101 210 80 14 189 12

129 87 177 206

DEFINITIONS

M. Priceless red Burgundy (comp.)

N. English organist and composer of sacred music, called the English Palestrina (2 wds.)

O. Site of a former concentration camp in SW East Germany

P. Even-tempered

Q. Amends

R. Those in supreme command (4 wds.)

S. Inexperience

T. Lizette Woodworth ———, American author of *A Handful of Lavender*

U. Dominium

V. A kind of lottery

W. City in Alabama, site of famous institution of the same name

WORDS

207 81 187 10 111 36 16 135 176 158 178
163

155 94 138 96 23 162 88 61 188 43 128
58 144 32

70 150 37 52 21 119 212 64 139 174

93 149 71 137 59 118 95 38 200 220

186 67 60 153 121 49 219 51 165 91 39

40 74 151 90 50 141 180 209 122 56 146
22 72 106 185

175 41 75 126 142 54 196 152 114

197 124 190 85 213

204 191 156 98 214 117 179 42 123

161 92 53 63 203 201 45 55 20 84 216

145 44 218 97 130 159 143 193

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle. . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

					1 C	2 A	3 H		4 J	5 K	6 F		7 A	8 F	9 E	10 M	11 B
12 K		13 B	14 K	15 D	16 M	17 I		18 D	19 E	20 V	21 O		22 R	23 N		24 C	25 B
26 D	27 E	28 F	29 I	30 H	31 G	32 N	33 J	34 A	35 K	36 M		37 O	38 P	39 Q	40 R	41 S	42 U
43 N	44 W	45 V	46 C	47 A	48 E		49 Q	50 R		51 Q	52 O	53 V		54 S	55 V	56 R	57 K
58 N	59 P	60 Q		61 N	62 F	63 V	64 O	65 E	66 A	67 Q	68 G	69 I		70 O	71 P	72 R	
73 J	74 R	75 S		76 D	77 A	78 J		79 B	80 K	81 M		82 C	83 F	84 V	85 T	86 G	87 L
88 N	89 J		90 R	91 Q	92 V	93 P	94 N		95 P	96 N	97 W	98 U		99 A		100 E	101 K
102 B	103 A	104 D	105 H	106 R	107 C	108 F	109 G	110 J	111 M		112 D	113 E	114 S	115 A		116 J	117 U
	118 P	119 O	120 A	121 Q	122 R	123 U	124 T	125 C	126 S	127 D	128 N	129 L	130 W		131 C	132 F	133 A
134 I	135 M	136 J	137 P	138 N	139 O	140 B		141 R	142 S	143 W	144 N		145 W	146 R	147 C	148 H	
149 P	150 O	151 R	152 S	153 Q	154 D	155 N	156 U	157 J	158 M	159 W		160 G	161 V		162 N	163 M	164 A
165 Q	166 D	167 C	168 B	169 H	170 J	171 I	172 E	173 F	174 O		175 S	176 M	177 L		178 M	179 U	180 R
181 C		182 I	183 H	184 J	185 R	186 Q	187 M	188 N	189 K	190 T		191 U	192 J	193 W	194 K	195 E	196 S
197 T		198 A	199 D		200 P	201 V	202 F		203 V	204 U	205 G	206 L	207 M		208 A	209 R	
210 K	211 B	212 O	213 T	214 U		215 H	216 V	217 I	218 W		219 Q	220 P					

Solution of this issue's Double-Crostic will be found on page 78

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We thought Jim had turned off drugs

And so did Jim

When Jim applied to Bethlehem Steel for a job, he leveled with us about his past—how he had smoked pot, messed around with barbiturates, and even gotten into heroin a little.

But he insisted that he had turned off drugs well over a year ago. Our examination supported his statement, so we hired him.

Then one day Jim checked into the plant dispensary and asked for help. He confessed that pressures had been building up and he had resorted to weekend "chipping" with heroin. And suddenly he knew he didn't want to go that route again.

Fortunately, our medical staff knew where help was available and Jim was able to remain on our payroll.

Jim is obviously not this employee's real name. However, Bethlehem has had experiences similar to this one which are quite real indeed . . . for drugs are a problem in steel plants, too, just as they are in other segments of our society. Bethlehem has recognized this by establishing a corporation-wide program for employees who are having trouble with drugs.

Our medical people regard addicts as sick human beings who need professional assistance and understanding. Working closely with rehabilitation centers, methadone clinics, mental health organizations, and other authorities, we apply the same understanding and care in our drug-abuse program as in our long-established alcoholism program.

BETHLEHEM STEEL

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Benson & Hedges 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular: 19 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine,
Menthol: 20 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotin
av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. '72.

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